2 JULY 1966 2s 6d

london life

These are 23 of the most prominent Americans in London. There are 18,000 of them here altogether (apart from 900,000 tourists expected this year). Who are they? How do they live? And what do they think of us?

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LONDON LIFE

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INCORPORATING THE TATLER

Summer days in London aren't a hot and tedious bore: this week offers enough cooling outdoor amusements to satisfy everyone. And should it be too draughty, the theatre is taking an overdue overhaul and putting on some new and stimulating shows. The West front of Hampton Court Palace gets lit up with *son et lumière* evoking Anne Boleyn & Co. The *lumière* seems harmless, but the *son* will "steal on your senses through hidden stereophonic loudspeakers." Up on Parliament Hill, when not flying a kite or presiding over all London, you can join in general dancing on Saturday afternoon, organised by the English Folk Dance and Song Society.

WHAT'S IN LONDON LIFE

There are 18,000 Americans living in London and 23 of the most prominent ones are featured in John Kelly's cover picture. A key to who they are and what they make of life in London: page 24

Sarah Churchill, daughter of the greatest hero figure of our time, has translated her thoughts to verse. Inside we give an exclusive assessment of Sarah as woman and poet. Page 20

Billy Graham's Crusade meetings have been attracting an average gathering of 19,000. Looking back on the Crusade, what is the impact made, how has it affected us? Page 12

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PLUS, OF COURSE . . . Our easy-to-follow guide to everything that makes London the hub of entertainment: its night life, the theatre, the cinema, music, ballet, opera, art galleries, restaurants and sport . . . beginning on page 44

The Russian 'cellist Mstsislav Rostropovich and his glamorous wife, soprano Galina Vishneyevskaya, are in town. They give a joint recital at Claydon House in Buckinghamshire on Sunday, and he gives the first London performance of Britten's suite for unaccompanied 'cello at the Royal Festival Hall on Thursday (30 June). José Iturbi gives a Sunday afternoon recital at the RFH.

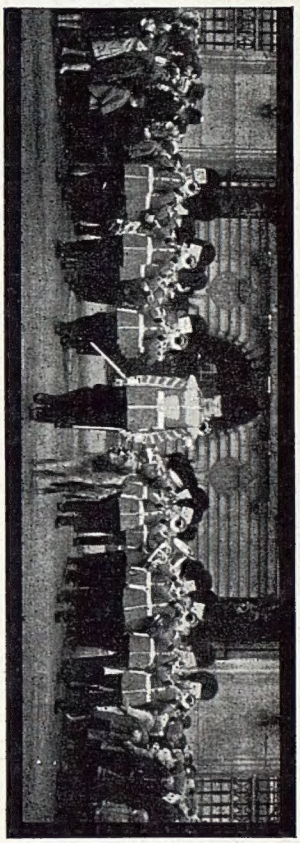
On Thursday Princess Margaret and Lord Snowdon attend a ball at the Tower of London to celebrate the centenary of Dr Barnardo's Homes; the Hurlingham Ball is on Friday, and on Monday the Oxford and Bermondsey Boys' Club hold their Midsummer Ball at Hurlingham.

In the theatre, there's racialism at Hampstead Theatre Club with Atholl Fougard's controversial colour-bar play *The Blood Knot* on Thursday, and on Monday *The Killing of Sister George* gets its big cast change with Hermione Baddeley taking over the lead and Ambrosine Philpotts coming in as the glacial lady from BH.

Then on Tuesday *Strike a Light* comes to the Piccadilly. It was conceived as a touring property, but enough people said it ought to see the West End. Naturally the cast are pleased – including Jeannie Carson, Evelyn Laye and John Fraser.

Major event is at Covent Garden with a new production of *The Magic Flute,* translated into English by Adrian Mitchell, conducted by Georg Solti, directed by Peter Hall and designed by John Bury – the trio that made everything come up Moses last summer.

THE CEREMONY OF CHANGING THE GUARD AND MUSIC FOR A SOLEMN OCCASION FEATURING THE BAND OF THE SCOTS GUARDS



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INSIDE LONDON LIFE

The Dales, the BBC's perennial serial – née *Mrs Dale's Diary* – may not, after all, always be with us. Although the continuing story of a doctor's wife was whizzed-up some time ago by being moved from suburbia to an industrial group-practice, there are strong hints from Portland Place that the good lady no longer exercises quite such a spell over the listeners. It is even being suggested that sometime this autumn the poor thing, along with husband, charlady, patients and human problems, may be finished off for ever.

Vanessa Redgrave is to open the new premises of the Theatre Girls' Club in Greek Street this week. The club, founded by Virginia Bateman, mother of Fay Compton and Sir Compton Mackenzie, provides a home-from-home for young chorus girls and actresses.

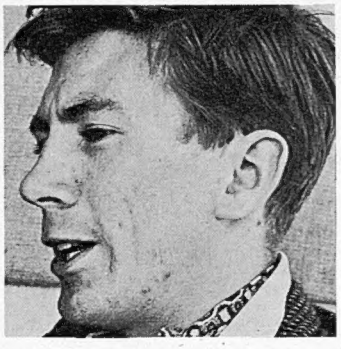
According to the little notice above the door of the Whistler Room restaurant at the Tate Gallery, the licensee is a Mr T Barr.

Chloe Walters, one of Britain's five representatives at the European Song Contest which begins on 8 July at Knokke le Zoute, has written three songs in French as part of our entry. Called *Mon Ami ma Soeur, Dans mes Reves* and

Sur La Plage, Chloe will perform them to her own guitar accompaniment. She is Anglo-Irish, was educated at the Lycée in Kensington, and goes this autumn to Bristol University to read French. In addition, she says, at 18 "I am writing a book about my experiences."

Stratford Johns, having already added singing to his accomplishments since playing Chief Inspector Barlow, has now become an author: not crime or reminiscence – but a children's book. Called *Gumphlumph,* Johns' tale of a two-headed creature from outer space which billets itself on the Johns family (wife and three children) will be published by Deutsch in September.

Peter Marshall, BSc (London), is yet another university-trained scientist lost to Britain's industrial effort. He hasn't emigrated, nor does he intend to. Instead, deciding that the money in engineering wasn't attractive enough, Marshall has become London's best-



educated cab driver. "I began studying for my taxi exam – 'the knowledge' it's called – in my last year at university," he says. "I had to memorise 180 hospitals, for instance. With my trained mind it only took me a year. The money I earn keeps me well above the bread-line." Marshall is a "mush" – he has his own cab – and plans with a partner to buy two more soon.

Swinging London episode 37: Leslie Frewin in London, and a New York publisher, have both commissioned rush-job books on the subject. Frewin's should be out by late September, written by Douglas Sutherland, and the American book, being done by a *Time* staffer who worked on their famed cover-story, by October.

The doomed Ministry of Aviation still cares: it has circularised all pilots asking them not to fly during this month and next, within a mile of Minsmere and Havergate, in Suffolk. Both are bird sanctuaries, and the noise could disturb the avocet breeding season.

One hundred tube carriages are carrying the following advertisement: "5,160 miles to Wall, Dakota. Notice to the people riding these trains. If you have seen this ad, please advise us and we will send you free literature about our store and about the attractions in South Dakota." It's placed by the idiosyncratic proprietor of Wall's drugstore. The town's population is only 629, so he needs all the customers he can get.

"Dear Sir/Madam," this week's best letter began, "It is with great pleasure that the Directors have in informing you that they will be venturing into a new enterprise" – a casino at which they will offer, in the "Salles des jeux itself, Baccara (in season)." Not a new fleshpot of the near-East, but a new attraction for a Torquay hotel. Their rules should be fairly confusing to English-speaking punters.

Opening in Queensway next month – a restaurant specialising in sausages. Called, inevitably, Bangers.

Pipe Major Robert Crabb, bailiff at the Old Bailey, has been appointed honorary piper to the oldest golf club in the world – the Royal Blackheath, founded in 1608 by James the First and Sixth.

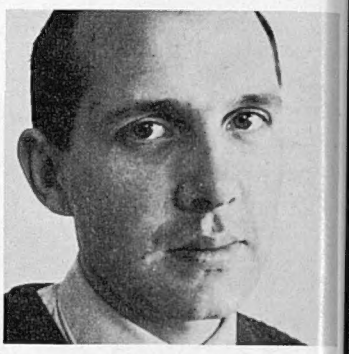
Elisabeth Bergner, the great German actress, has been touring Europe with an immensely successful production of *The Mad Woman of Chaillot.* Miss Bergner herself wants to bring the show to London, but is having great difficulty finding a producer here. One leading independent has turned her down on the grounds that he doesn't do revivals.

Marlene de Waal is almost certainly London's first girl barber. Customers at the French of London men's barbering shop in Bourne & Hollingsworth have had the chance of a short back and sides from Marlene for the past fortnight. From South Africa, Marlene applied for the job on the assumption it was in a ladies'

salon, but now says: "Men's hairstyling is far more interesting than women's." As for the shop manager, Mr Conway, he says: "We are very pleased. We now have a waiting list of girls wanting similar jobs here, all of them foreign, and including a Chinese girl."

Felix Fenston, the property developer, bought 74 St James's Street in 1957. In 1962, the Conservative Club left, and Mr Fenston's company converted the building, behind its original facade, into large offices. Since then it has remained empty. Last week, painters moved in to redecorate: a tenant? "No," say the agents. "It just needed redecorating after being empty for so long."

John Walker, one of last year's John Moores prize-winners, who is to have his first one-man show next spring at the Axiom Gallery in Duke Street, has moved from Birmingham to London. He has bought a house in Chiswick "big enough," he says, "for me, my



wife, two children and various art students, plus a studio where I can paint something 18 ft by 10 ft." Although last month he had a show at Zwemmers, and was one of the exhibitors at the Young London show in Milan, he hasn't sold one painting. "It's incredible," he says.

The Times' *transformation has, despite much criticism, apparently worked in commercial terms. It is said that circulation has risen by 35,000 copies a day since they put news on the front page.*

John Greaves, secretary of the Dickens Fellowship, is already hard at work planning for the centenary of the novelist's death – in 1970. Apart from special exhibits in several museums, the Fellowship is to issue a special London Transport map, showing all the places associated with Dickens – "a hard job" Greaves says, "because he went everywhere, and we have to draw a line somewhere." Dickens' house, in Doughty Street, is having a complete redecoration, at a cost of £5,000.

Richard Crossman has finally received the report of Ministry of Housing Inspector G D Blake, on his inquiry into the use of Stansted, Essex, as London's third airport. After two months' work Blake concludes, it is said, that Stansted is the best possible place for the airport . . . Bad news for the East Londoners who live on its approaches.

Elizabeth Flower, ex-debutante daughter of Sir Fordham Flower, chairman of the Trustees of the Royal Shakespeare Company, has decided to become a Bunny. She is training at that Park Lane club, and wants to spend about six months there before trying to make a career as an actress.

How a Rolling-Stone goes home

In one photograph taken late at night in Swallow Street, Piccadilly, the entire cult of the pop scene is crystallised into a man, his suit and his car. The man is Brian Jones of the Rolling Stones; the suit, a chalk stripe of his own taste; the £6,000 car and chauffeur, like the suit, go with being a pop star in 1966. The occasion to draw Brian Jones, his fellow Stones and 50 per cent. of the Beatles was the opening of Sibylla's, London's most civilised discothèque, where they take great pains to keep the customer in a state of elegant satisfaction, a necessary thing in 1966.
Picture by John Seymour

continued overleaf

FACING UP TO SIBYLLA'S

With a taste for all that is not traditional, Messrs Terry Howard, Kevin MacDonald, Bruce Higham decided to forego the simple pleasures of searchlights playing on the building, blimps floating in the sky and arm-linked commissionaires holding back the unruly mob.

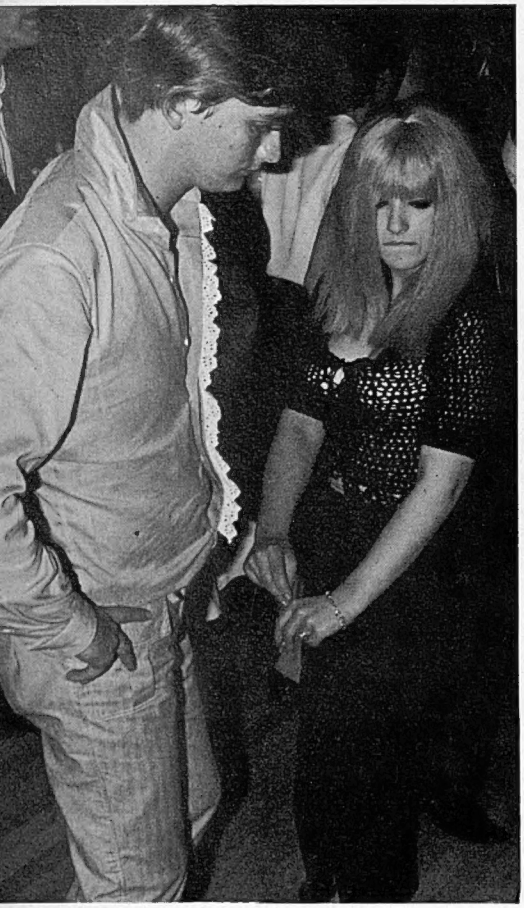
"Sibylla's will just open," they said.

And that's almost the way it happened. True, they did allow one first-night party for an invited 200 or so, but for the backers – Alan Freeman, George Harrison, Sir William Pigott-Brown and Robert White, plus the first three gents – that was more in the nature of a dress rehearsal.

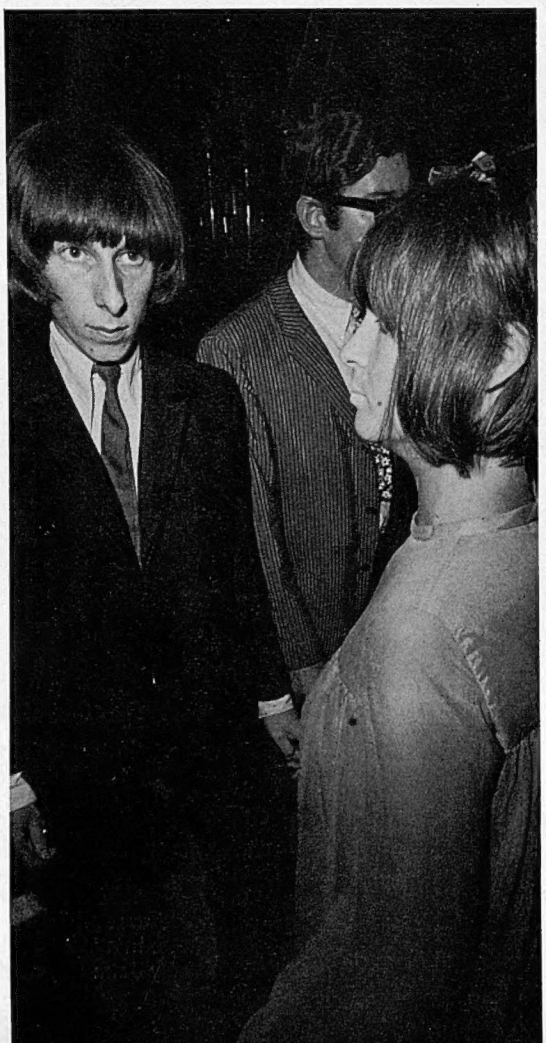
Since then the show has opened with a loud and successful bang. The air conditioning allows the staying power and the music allows the moving power, the customers, swathed in David Mlinaric's blue décor, drink their drinks and dance their dance. Sibylla's has been abbreviated to "Sibs" and London has a new discothèque.

Pictures by John Benton Harris and Allan Ballard.

Left: Raphael Etkes shows his profile to Leslie Caron.



Lord Anthony Rufus Isaacs, with long-skirted partner, tries the new dance floor.



Above: Filter tip clamped in place, Jon Bradshaw dances with Sue Locke.

Left: A pensive David Mlinaric, who did the décor, with Elizabeth Hayes.

Left: Mini-skirted Marie Kent and interior designer Anthony Apponyi.

Above: Kim Fowley becomes engrossed in a matchstick and the club disc-jockey, Marie-Lise Gres turns her back on the camera.

Left: Sir William Pigott-Brown, one of Sibylla's backers, shifts the weight from his feet to the leather upholstery.

Footnote: Watch for the *London Life* special on Sibylla's.

After Bunny-Day . . . Will London ever be the same again?

Club dwellers of the world unite. The day is almost at hand. On 3 July, that sophisticated edifice in Park Lane at last becomes a club. Two hundred and fifty staff have been professionally honed to serve The Playboy pleasures. The owners say that Londoners don't know what they are in for—and all Bunnies have mastered the figure eight high trot. Artist LeRoy Neiman pronounces himself satisfied with his "Royal Family" portrait and claims that the girls of the Land Army were the last real swingers. Report by JOHN VINER

AS that seven-storey shrine to hygienic sex at last bestirs itself; as the brigade of workmen pad softly from the pomaded and coiffured interior, the Park Lane Playboy Club prepares for the most professionally calculated onslaught ever mounted on our pleasure buds.

B-Day (yes, Bunny-Day) will be Sunday, 3 July. Thereafter, claim the leaders of the Hefner empire, London will never be the same. That remains to be seen, but if London doesn't change it won't be for lack of devotion by the men from Chicago.

For months now the elegant pavements of Park Lane have echoed to the confident steps of young Americans bustling in and out of their European outpost. They are distinguished from other Park Lane habitués by their frowns of concentration and their suntans.

American accent

Up on the top floor of the Playboy pile from behind a firm-looking door, there is still to be heard a low-pitched, almost continual flow of American accent. The door opens to one of the penthouse flats, or more properly, apartments, soon to be occupied by some lucky key-clutching member of the club. At the moment the furnishings are taped, bound, covered or in some way protected from the artistic ravages of enamel paint.

The man wielding the paint is the man with the accent, artist LeRoy Neiman. At great expense and, I suspect, with some joyful apprehension, Playboy boss Hugh Hefner has installed Mr Neiman to paint a series of pictures entitled *London Life 66*. The completed works will hang in the club for everyone to see, others will be seen by ladies only and then only when they powder their noses. Mr Neiman has also painted a series of pictures to line the walls of the Ladies'. The walls of the Gents' are presumably to be left to other, less artistic, hands.

In the US, Mr Neiman is a highly priced artist. Recently he sold a painting of Madison Square Garden for 18,000 dollars. Mr Neiman's attendant publicist confidently predicted a price tag of 3,000 dollars for each of the large 5ft. x 4ft. paintings, "if they could be bought, which they can't."

Now Mr Neiman, I would say, is accustomed to recognition back home, if not on the street at least on television, but here in insular London, he may be introduced and the name may fall on stony ground. Thus Mr Neiman the artist dresses like an artist. When I was introduced to him he was wearing his full regalia. Not for him the mohair suit and just a trace of yellow ochre under the fingernail.

He was wearing a mauve sweat shirt, the sleeves roughly scissored at the elbows, white trousers which stopped at the calf, no socks and a pair of white gym shoes. Both the shoes and the trousers were spattered with the evidence of years of preoccupied painting. On his head Mr Neiman sported a violent blue flannel hat, with a brim which curls in such a way as immediately to suggest James Stewart pushing through the elephant grass. But Mr Neiman doesn't resemble James Stewart; he sports a wide, Mexican moustache and waves a large and dark cigar at anyone within talking range.

"My props"

In a voice which took me straight back to Sydney Greenstreet, Mr Neiman exclaimed: "Sure these are artists' clothes, they're my props. I need them. Take away my shirt, my hat, my shoes, I'm like a private in the army. I'm nothing, just a number."

On occasions he does dress up. Once on a previous visit here he was invited to Ascot. "I wore the whole bit, that hat, everything. On the way there I was in this guy's Rolls-Royce, and he says, 'What do you think of my car?' I said, 'it's quiet.' He screams, 'Stop the car.' He moves the chauffeur over, next thing you know I'm driving this thing. What threw this guy was I'd driven over here before, so I didn't hit anything. 'Fantastic,' this guy says. 'Fantastic.' I didn't tell him."

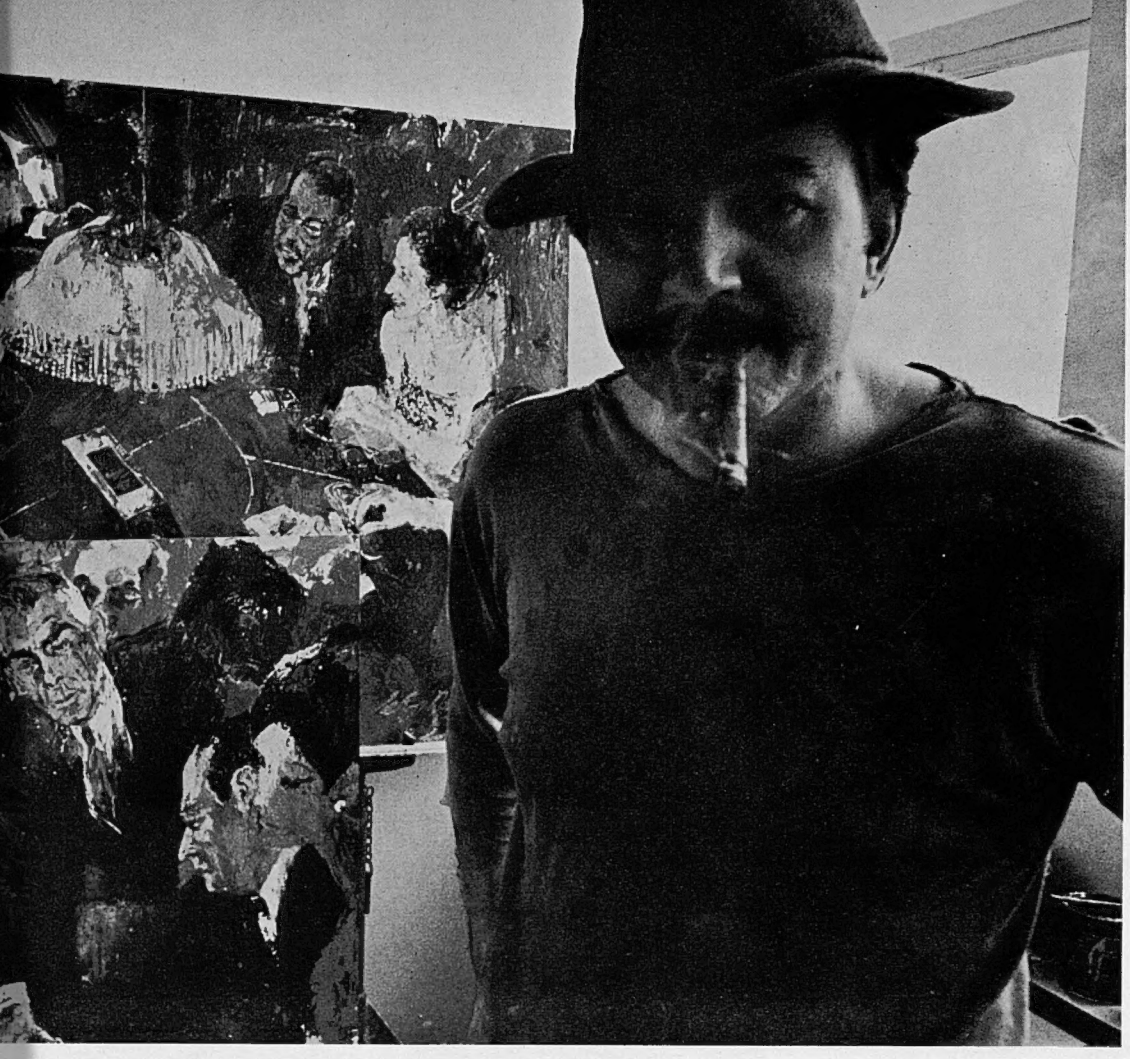
Without a pause for breath Mr Neiman walked to his paintings propped against the wall. He pointed at a group seated around a chemmy table. "This is my Royal Family picture. Great." I said "great" and looked for a crown, an aristocratic profile, a noble lineage. I couldn't recognise a soul. "There," said Mr Neiman, pointing, "the Duke and Duchess, Duke Ellington and the Duchess of Windsor; that's our Royal Family – Count Basie and King Cole."

Still talking, he shepherded me to another painting with other well-known faces, including Sir Alec Douglas-Home, fictionally in Murray's Cabaret Club audience. Next he said: "This is the Trooping the Colour from the roof of Crockford's." He explains the unusual viewpoint by adding: "I didn't want to leave my element too much."

A ritual

On discothèques in London he pronounces: "It's all a ritual. There is so much noise, conversation is ridiculous. When I paint in a club my wife knows what tools I need. She hands them to me just like doing an operation."

Harlem, he claims, still swings a lot further than London. "Over here, it's really all affectation and mannerisms, boy. You can't do that in



Famous Faces – by Playboy artist

Artist LeRoy Neiman, wearing his full artist's regalia, poses in front of two of his paintings, The foreground painting shows Victor Lownes, of Playboy *(centre)* with actor Lee Marvin *(centre right)* and seated *(far right)* Clement Freud. The painting behind demonstrates Mr Neiman's talent for painting who he wants, where he wants. Seated around the Chemin de Fer table, from left to right, are Barbra Streisand, Tim Holland of Crockfords, Duke Ellington, and the Duchess of Windsor. Just visible behind Neiman's shoulder is David Niven. Of Barbra's nose, he says: "It was difficult to get. A while ago, you had a nose like her you had plastic surgery; today you got a nose like her, you sing like her."

Harlem." He holds a hirsute theory about why London gyrates. "It's all based on the Establishment. Five years ago at Ascot and Henley you saw the only people to have long hair, the Establishment. Now it's spread to the Beatles."

Trace of whimsy

Looking back to the wartime days in this country, he paused and said, with just a trace of whimsy: "During the war, when there was no one else around the Land Army really swung." However the war is over and Nieman is here again, this time painting for Playboys.

Inside the Playboy Club building the rule is all employees should wear identity cards containing a "mug shot," their job, their name and a signature. Only the locally recruited secretaries rebelled. "The pins will make holes in our sweaters," they said, so only the secretaries go unlabelled.

Extra important employees wear not only an "ident. tag" but that electronic umbilical cord, the bleeper. With diligent awareness important people clip the bleeper to their clothing and relax knowing they can never be far from a telephone. They may be 3,000 miles from iced water, air conditioning and rainproof hats, but a telephone brings them closer.

One man entitled to both bleeper and identity card is 33-year-old David Meller. He rejoices in the title European Manager and though he is a West Country man he shakes hands with all the immediate friendliness of a lifelong American. Before my handshake, one of Mr Meller's 250 staff brought in a paper bag. Inside the bag, some sample bread rolls made farther up Park Lane, in the kitchens of the Dorchester.

A pause while the rolls were broken and chewed, then the blessing: "Get some poppy seed on top of these and they are fine." Then the handshake, and Mr Meller said how glad he was he had been trained in the Playboy manner over in the US and how nice it was that all the jobs in the club had been "manualised." This is a neat, one-word way of saying that everyone's job has been itemised to the ultimate degree. Chefs are told what utensils to use, the ingredients necessary for every dish on every Playboy menu and the degree of intelligence necessary to become a chef in the first place. One bulky manual covers any exigencies which may arise in any of the listed jobs, from telephonists to managers. It must give the employers a very comfortable feeling knowing that anything which might happen to them has already happened to the authors of the manual.

Mr Meller claims one secret of the Playboy success is that "our beautiful Bunnies must maintain a 'fun' atmosphere. To help them do this the male staff must maintain an up-beat atmosphere."

Cheerful hysteria

If both sexes on the staff do their stuff, it follows that the customers should be bordering on cheerful hysteria after their first drink. Certainly the untouchable Bunnies have already created their image in London before they've managed so much as a "Bunny drop" in public. The drop, for those few who don't intend to visit the club, is a contrived piece of human manipulation which enables a girl wearing her low costume to place a drink on an even lower table without embarrassing either her or the customer. It's a beatific example of American know-how.

Another is the "figure of 8," which occurs during a Bunny's training. This entails carrying a tray of glasses (empty during practice) in a figure 8 around two tables. The tray, it says in the manual, must be carried at the low trot, medium trot and high trot.

When a would-be Bunny has managed that and passed a written and oral test, she finally qualifies for her ears. The written test has proved the undoing of more than one ambitious young lady. The test spreads over four sheets of foolscap and contains teasers like: Identify the brand names of Old Overholt, Kahlua, and Lowenbrau. And more, list the proper garnish for a Rob Roy, Cuba Libre and a Singapore Sling.

When the first key-holders come panting past the closed-circuit television in the lobby, they will be met by the best-trained bunch of professionals in the night-club business, even if each hand-picked, high-trotting, ear - and - tail - wearing Bunny does carry an invisible label clearly marked "Don't touch."

DAVID WYNNE-MORGAN

ONE of the most delicate problems facing all those concerned with promoting the tourist potential of Britain today is to decide what is the greatest attraction of these islands. On the one hand there is our Royal Family, Windsor Castle, the Beefeaters, the Tower of London and the Changing of the Guard. On the other the mini-skirt, the Beatles, Dolly's, Mary Quant and the whole pattern of discothèque living that has made *Time* magazine describe London as the most swinging city in the world. But the problem no longer exists. Royal Ascot, 1966, will go down as the time when the two worlds merged. It was done with discretion, a certain aura of secrecy, and above all a sense of tradition. The man who was chosen to bring this about was Old Etonian Robert Morrison, aged 38, who took his portable discothèque into Windsor Castle at the request of the Queen to provide the only music for more than 300 guests, including Prince Rainier and Princess Grace, at the private party she gave following the Gold Cup.

It was the final seal of approval for the man who started his business of providing personal discothèques for parties just over two and a half years ago. All those critics of so-called Royal extravagance must have approved. His charges are only 50 guineas for the night plus, of course, one shilling a mile for travelling.

Kangaroo coats

Gordon Morrison, whose other business interest is the manufacture and sale of kangaroo coats, takes along his own constantly changing collection of records and plans every programme himself.

This kind of career is not open to everyone. It demands a rigorous and lengthy training. Gordon began by studying agriculture at Cirencester, went on to sell cars for a leading London motor firm, before completing his apprenticeship by going into television.

Donald Campbell, record breaker, this week became Donald Campbell, business man and insurance broker. Furled umbrella in one hand and bowler hat in the other, he opened his own insurance office in his own name at Ewell for the first time on Monday. "Later this year, I shall open other offices in London, Manchester and Birmingham. I think there are great opportunities in this field," he said.

And what about his plans to build a new supersonic Bluebird that were announced last year? "I have decided that I have neither the time nor the money to manage this commercially myself. If someone else in whom I had faith would take it on, then I would be delighted to drive it, but there is no one in sight. It looks as if I will have to abandon it."

I give this retirement three months. I'll wager that by the autumn we will hear of new record plans by Donald Campbell on either land or water. At least, when he changes his mind, he should not have any trouble with his insurance!

Mr William Collins, the publisher, told me that he has decided to postpone the publication of Malcolm Muggeridge's controversial autobiography until next year. Instead he is to bring out a book of selected Muggeridge articles to be called *Tread Softly*. Just a warning, of course.

Sheila Scott and I dined in La Rascasse, a small dining club in Chelsea, the day after she had become the first Briton to fly solo round the world. An impeccably dressed middle-aged man in a Guards tie sent over a bottle of champagne with the message: "Congratulations. You have got more guts than most of the young men in this country with longer hair than you have."

One of our leading television producers was rung up this week with an urgent message to call dress designer Teddy Tinling. On returning the call, Mr Tinling was out, but his personal assistant made the spectacular offer of a personal appearance by Teddy Tinling himself on his television programme. "I thought you would like this since he is so much in the news," she said.

Who's Fred

The conversation then went as follows: "I don't think he is in the news, but why don't you try Fred Perry of Rediffusion who does a daily celebrity spot from the Centre Court?"

"What a wonderful idea. Fred who, did you say?"

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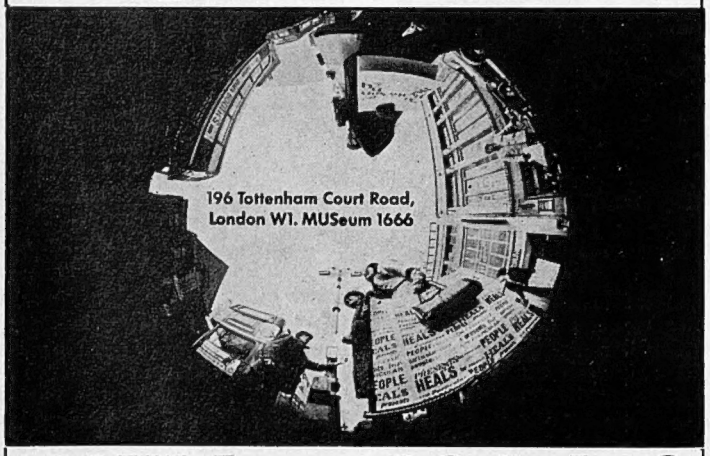

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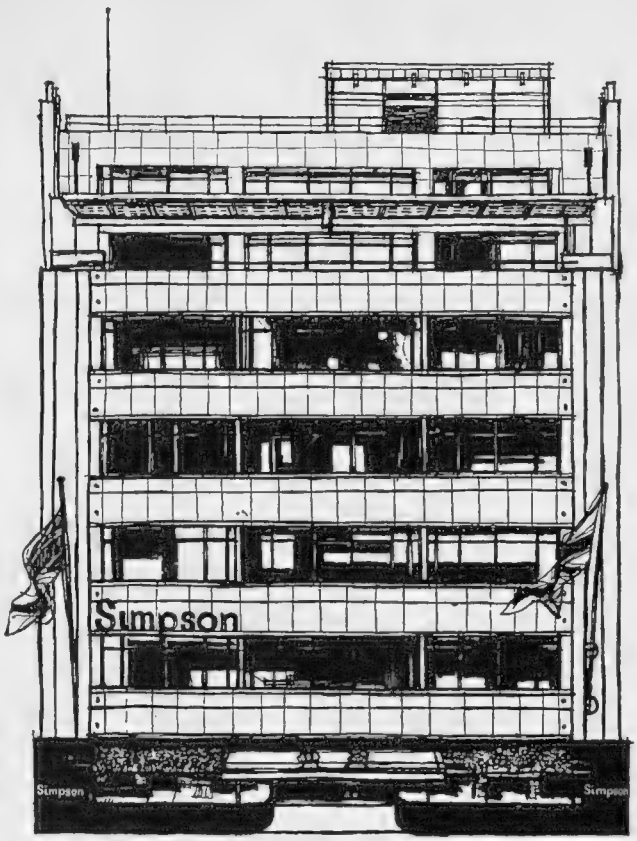

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HERE ENDETH THE LESSON

Brilliantly pictured by John Benton Harris and John Kelly . . . the Gospel according to Billy Graham. It has stirred a variety of responses, from devout conversions to outright cynicism. As the London Crusade comes to a close, KARIN HART assesses the response of converts, clergy and critics. Her report is on the next page.

From the podium, the evangelist fervour . . .

HERE ENDETH THE LESSON

. . . The scene on pages 12 and 13 results from these words:

" . . . *I invite you to come forward and declare your life for Christ* . . . "

. . . The invitation would always come at nine o'clock. On this, the first signal, there was often barely a rustle from the crowded tiers. After a silence, the voice would drone on quietly over the multi-speaker system . . . hypnotic, protective, reassuring.

One person always seemed to start the flow, as if the fact that 40,000 eyes might be upon him hadn't occurred to him . . . perhaps a teenage boy, looking very tiny as he threaded through the hall of thousands. Whoever it was, he headed unconcerned toward the flower-banked podium and the 300-foot banner which read in four-foot letters: "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Light." After him would come a middle-aged couple, or a Negro woman in flowing robes – young girls in miniskirts, an old man with a cane, a woman who sat tilted in a wheelchair. Soon the aisles would be filled with a mass of moving people, and a deep rumble would echo from the tiers as people moved above.

For 28 nights in the month of June, this was the climax of the evening at Earls Court.

What are the responses that moved people forward to "Declare for Christ"? Some, like Ernest Shippam, could express it; he came "to see what all this Billy Graham stuff was about . . . in a flash I saw what my life was really like . . . it was rotten. A load was taken off my heart and mind . . . oh, the blessed relief of nothing to hide and be ashamed of. Now God is always a prayer away."

But Ernest Shippam has had 12 years to think about his reasons. He "made the decision" at Harringay in 1954 and was one of a series of "old-hands" who came to Earls Court to give testimony to the crowds.

Newer converts don't always articulate as well. One woman televised her reaction: "I fell in love with Billy Graham." A girl from Slade Green Baptist Church declared: "He's so magnetic!" A young boy said: "I came just to see what it was like. Our church group sends a bus up every night." A tiny grey-haired lady with failing eyesight clutched a counsellor's arm and whispered: "There's so much meaning in his words."

Some are moved by awe; others by curiosity; still others by herd-instinct – and some by intelligent response: ". . . Dr Graham puts a challenge to you – to commit yourself to something. That's better than nothing, isn't it?"

". . . You can identify your life with this man."

What man?

"Christ, of course."

". . . Suddenly it makes sense. Someone is saying, 'Live a life committed to something, declare yourself *for* something.' And you know it's the answer – a positive decision."

These are the words of converts.

"Conversion" itself is a controversial word. Crusaders prefer to call those who come forward "inquirers" or "declarers," arguing that many who come forward are not necessarily moved to "belief" from "unbelief." In fact, the majority are people who would call themselves Christians, even churchgoers, but who hear the Graham gospel as a new call to positive action in their faith.

In contrast to the converts are the critics. Cynicism seems to be an easier response. During the month-long Earls Court stand, the Crusade roused a colourful display of sceptics.

"It's mass-hypnosis," said an Earls Court employee. "I know. I'm here very night. I hope you'll tell the truth about this place." Others called it "just a taste of good old-time religion." A familiar disclaimer on the London scene harassed the meeting silently; she's the "woman-in-white," who rose one night and walked out in mid-sermon across the front of the arena, reading her evening paper.

One spectator arrived mistakenly on a Sunday, the one night a week that meetings were not held. Said he: "The flesh was willing, but the spirit was weekday." A columnist called the meeting "a nice

night-out for coach parties from the suburbs."

Both press and public took issue with various phases of the meetings: "hard-sell religion," "traffic problems on the Cromwell Road," "the Billy Graham Circus." Predatory newsmen lurked in the lobbies, baiting visitors with dissections of everything from Graham's "sin-and-damnation" theology to the high-powered machinery of his methods. To such reprisals, the Crusade officially took the stand: "Christ would use every means at his disposal to reach the people."

On a budget of £300,000, a great many "means" were put at Dr Graham's disposal. Apart from the Earls Court Arena, with a capacity of 19,000 plus 6,000 by closed-circuit television overflow, he reached auditoriums in 10 other cities.

A super-efficient publicity team kept him in touch with world-wide press. Statisticians worked overtime each night to count and code "decisions for Christ." Counsellors-at-large in the arena carried walkie-talkie sets. The Crusade exemplified a modern machine of mass-communication.

On the strength of this complex organisation, Crusade executives kept well on top of their accomplishments. An average Earls Court congregation could be calculated accurately at 19,000. Granted, this is fewer than attend the Motor Show, but in 28 meetings over half a million came to hear "the Graham gospel," and from 500 to 1,000 per night "came forward for Christ."

Looking back, the Crusade organisation could cite "an emphasis on youth" as the chief element of the campaign. Reportedly, over half who came were young people. Crusade members admitted that many of these youngsters came "to see a happening."

"But from the figures, we can now say that instead many experienced a *spiritual* happening. Young people are looking for a creed – the exhibitionism of Mods and Rockers is part of a spiritual search."

Evaluating the total reaction to this June's Greater London Crusade, administrators pride themselves on the fact that the number of "inquirers" has quadrupled official expectations. "There has been a remarkable movement in the hearts of Londoners . . . a great hunger for God," said Dr Graham. "We hope it is the beginning of a spiritual tide in England."

How much does the Crusade do to keep the tide flowing? The job rests on the shoulders of British clergy. Reportedly, failure on this front was the setback met by the Graham movement here in England 12 years ago. But the feeling is that British clergy are now "aware of the job that Billy Graham is doing."

What is the clergymen's response?

The 1966 Billy Graham Crusade was "invited" by British clergymen. This June, many of Graham's own Earls Court counsellors were British clergymen, and a high factor of the attendance was provided by the 40 or 50 church-sponsored groups that came nightly.

Co-ordination with local churches was high. The rapid processing of "decisions" was geared primarily to the production of data-cards, which were sent immediately to the "deciders'" nearest parish priest or denominational committee.

Eminent clergymen loaned their auspices to the Graham Crusade during the month of June – among them the Lord Bishop of Barking and Dr Donald Coggan, the Archbishop of York. The Bishop of Southwark and the Bishop of London were on the council of reference for this year's meetings. But other churchmen have fought shy of the proceedings: Lord Soper declined to comment on the Crusade, his office mentioning that it was "a ticklish point."

Earlier in the year, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr Michael Ramsey, was reported "cool" to the Crusade, stating in the *Canterbury Diocesan Notes* that "the Church of England and the London dioceses have no official share in the invitation to him."

British churchmen have differing views on Dr Graham's methods *and* the nature of his message. Some find fault with the fact that converts, though seemingly sincere, don't seem to "stay converted." Theological disputes are aired on the subjects of mass evangelism, revivalist fervour, and Graham's "unique interpretation of the scriptures." But there has been no organised resistance from any denomination. Regardless of the Graham technique, the general response seems to be that the church is obliged to help any who are moved to "declare for Christ."

. . . spreads its message through the "pews."

Hundreds of "declarers for Christ" came forward nightly at Billy Graham's Crusade meetings—for 28 days

the climax of evenings at Earls Court, where an average of 19,000 flocked to each meeting.

ANGELA INCE

"As I was going to powder my nose I met an underprivileged non-European lady who told me that her very good friend is undergoing treatment at a home for the psychologically distressed."

IF we're not careful, this is how we'll all be talking soon; this is the age of the Great Euphemism, and the English language – which used to be able to pride itself on getting to its feet, saying what it meant to say and then sitting crisply down again – is degenerating by the minute. Though we think of ourselves as a frank generation that can face up to almost anything, when it comes to *talking* about it we turn out to be a pretty mealy mouthed lot. A euphemism is defined in my dictionary as: "A figure of rhetoric by which an unpleasant or offensive thing is designated by a milder term," and for my money there are far too many milder terms about.

The contemporary euphemism seems to fall into three main classes. First, there is the affected-genteel, or whimsical-type euphemism. Into this group fall all those powder rooms, toilets, visits to the fairies, and above all those waterworks that nurses are so fond of. ("And how are the waterworks today, dear?" they ask cheerfully on their way round the wards. "If you want to know how my kidneys are functioning, I will tell you," snapped back an elderly friend of ours. "If, on the other hand, you want to know how the waterworks are, I suggest you ring up the local borough council and find out.")

Into this category, also, falls that good old euphemistic standby, "We're just good friends." which has become so redundant with double-meaning that it is difficult, if in fact you *are* just good friends, to know how to say so. And, of course, "One of Those," one of the most repellent phrases ever coined, which can mean anything along the lines of "He is a Jew/Roman Catholic/homosexual/Negro/or simply someone I disapprove of or don't like the look of."

The second type of euphemism is one used largely by government or local authorities, and is designed to avoid affecting one's sensibilities (this euphemism business is catching – I meant to say it is designed not to hurt anyone's feelings). Though whether a poverty-stricken old lady feels any better about life because some maundering fool in the local housing authority calls her an "underprivileged senior citizen" is a matter open to some doubt.

Unpleasant

Forerunners of this type of euphemism were, of course, Rodent Operators, followed closely by whatever confusing term they use to describe dustmen these days. And high in this category comes the "non-European," who used to be a "coloured person," before that was a "black African" and before *that* was a Negro. The trouble with this type of euphemism is that as each particular phrase becomes accepted it takes on unpleasant connotations and becomes in turn "affecting to our sensibilities."

A newer, and even milder, term has to be invented, and we end up with something like "non-European," which is so ludicrously foggy as to be absolutely meaningless. Americans or Australians are not, after all, normally described as non-Europeans, as one would logically suppose (unless, of course, they are *black* Americans or Australians).

Other well-known phrases in this category are "homes for the mentally distressed," "areas ripe for development," or "over-populated areas" (slum districts); "planned obsolescence" (if it doesn't wear out in two years where will our profits come from?); "rethinking your contract" (planning to sack you, or at best making the terms of your employment so unpleasant that you will be forced to resign); "fringe benefits" (legal tax avoidance); "Incomes Policy" (it is necessary for the good of the country that *you* don't have any rises this year, but *I'm* jolly well going to); "retaining current property values" (if we let One of Those move into the district house prices will go down)

Doublethink

The third group of euphemisms is the most disturbing, and the nearest to Orwell's doublethink. These are the terms by which governments or those in authority muffle unpleasant, devious or sinister activities in an anaesthetising blanket of words, so that in time they become comfortably familiar, accepted, or even approved of.

Thus, "a military solution" sounds neat and tidy until you remember that it tends to mean "If they won't see it our way, let's send the tanks in"; "sophisticated weapons" are those which economically kill in thousands rather than hundreds or mere dozens; and on the home front, "compulsory purchase" means "not only are we going to insist on buying your property, but if we don't feel like paying the full market value, there's not a thing you can do about it."

Euphemisms are taking over the most unlikely territory; recently the taxi-drivers, not a group hitherto renowned for the shy diffidence of their vocabulary, described their strike as a "co-ordinated rest day."

The rot is setting in. It won't be long before someone parks their car in Billingsgate and turns round to find a fish-porter (sorry, a handler of aquatic merchandise) behind him. "Excuse me sir," he will say, "but your motor vehicle appears to be causing an obstruction. Would you be good enough to effect its removal, traffic-wise?"

16 What's new on the 16th?

14

11

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STARDOM WITHOUT THE STRUGGLE

For Christian Roberts things have suddenly begun happening: From public schoolboy to truck driver's assistant to . . . a sizeable five-year agreement with Columbia Pictures that begins with a role as second lead to Sidney Poitier. J. ROGER BAKER observes a young man on the threshold of stardom, and on whom the hard veneer of showbusiness has not yet begun to collect.

Acting in school plays can have a disturbing effect on a lad's psyche. Once he has stepped out on to those improvised boards and given his Hal or Lysander to an audience of tolerant parents and adulatory Third Formers, the spell of the theatre has been cast.

Many decide there and then, slapping on the 5 and 9 in the dressing room (converted from the gym changing room), that they will be actors. Usually the vision fades with the onslaught of A-level and thoughts of A Career, perhaps, or with the realisation that a passing compliment from the English master doesn't necessarily mean a summer of Levins on their knees.

But with some the idea remains and strengthens. One to whom this happened is Christian Roberts who, having played some pretty meaty parts at Cranleigh, stuck out for the stage. His parents clearly tackled the problem intelligently. Though slightly dubious at the thought, they nevertheless did not discourage him, but suggested he thought about it rather carefully. Now there is no cause for regret, and any idea of watching a son struggling through his twenties in a precarious living must be completely rejected.

"I'm fed up with being told I look like Georgie Fame or Charlton Heston . . . I want to look like Christian Roberts."

Responsive

Christian has just started his first job. Which is playing second male lead in the film James Clavell is producing and directing in London – *To Sir, With Love*. And two months ago he had just left RADA. This is a tremendous jump for any young actor and Christian is still rather bowled over by the idea.

As yet none of that hard showbiz veneer has begun to collect; the surfaces are still exposed and responsive. The schoolboy is not so far away: "When I discovered I'd actually got the part and was to act alongside Sidney Poitier I went straight out to see *A Patch of Blue* and I don't think I've ever enjoyed a film so much." And the one-time school captain emerges with the politeness, the natural, hostly grace that makes him feel impelled to ask his interviewer questions: "What do you think of the pop scene?" (What do *I* think of the pop scene!) This makes him a natural charmer. He's good-looking, naturally; a tall, lithe, lusty lad with a fresh grin, a lot of fair hair, a casual manner, a not terribly up-stage voice and a passing resemblance to various other people: "I'm fed up with being told I look like Georgie Fame, and James Clavell says I look like Charlton Heston. I want to look like Christian Roberts."

He described his film part with enthusiasm: "I'm a tough East End 17-year-old. Sidney Poitier is the schoolmaster for whom we make life tough – and I'm the leader of it all. The film is about the way he wins me over."

The Cranleigh background may not seem to provide a suitable background of reference for such a part, but Christian finds the answer in his new professional pride: "An actor should be adaptable." But there is still the necessity to justify himself: "For a while I worked for my father's firm as a sort of truck driver's assistant and got around quite a bit. And I met lots of different people while I was at RADA."

Not exclusive

Christian has signed himself up for five years with Columbia Pictures: "It isn't an exclusive contract. I shall be able to do other things." But it means he is assured of a good income and excellent chances for the right sort of exposure. And this provides a dazzling light in the eyes with which he looks at his future; there seems to be a division of interest, between the cinema and the stage with, at the moment, the cinema winning with advantages. "I'd love to be in a position to do some really good theatre – with the National or the RSC. But I'm fascinated by films, I've always wanted to know how a big film is made."

His attitude to the cinema is refreshingly basic, enthusiastic and realistic; there's no chat about technique, modish directors and new departures, but a clear-cut enjoyment of the film as a medium for entertainment. "I want to do epics and adventure films, swashbuckling films; I'd like to play great figures from the past, the adventurers, people like Wellington or Napoleon. . . ." His eyes sparkle, he throws his long legs out searching for somewhere to place a foot. "I can't really talk about Antonioni – I've never seen one of his films."

Sad and weepy

The way in which *To Sir, With Love* ends, obviously appeals to him: "The teacher has won me over and asked me to return to the school next term as a boxing instructor and there's a school dance and we give him a present – you know – "to sir, with love" – and the end is the real old-style Hollywood thing, very sad and weepy." Some of this enthusiasm may have been communicated by his agent Roy Mosley, who also represents Olivia de Havilland and strongly believes in the power of the basic entertainment film. But in Christian one can see the breath-catching wonderment of the Rugger captain who always wanted to play a Douglas Fairbanks part – and now actually sees it as a very real possibility.

At school Christian had the opportunity to tackle Oberon, Prince Hal and Thomas à Becket in *Murder in the Cathedral*. He left school at 18 and his parents sent him to the University of Grenoble to polish his French. He returned and worked for his father – truck driving; his father runs a dairy products business – before auditioning for RADA and getting a place. When he left RADA he went to see the Columbia casting director for this film – his agent had heard they were looking for lots of teenagers for parts. He went, he read, he got the part. And now it's all happening.

And he never looks at his agent before answering a question.

THE POET AND THE PAINTER

Sarah Churchill with her friend, American artist Lobo Nocho. He has just had a private exhibition of his abstract paintings on view in London, and it was he who designed the cover of her book of poetry. More about Sarah Churchill, with two of her poems – Overleaf.

Picture by John Goldblatt

NO. 2 OF A SERIES

let's talk about

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TRUST HOUSE HOTELS

THE POETRY OF SARAH CHURCHILL

I FIRST learnt that Sarah Churchill had achieved a noteworthy canon of written verse in the studio of her friend, Lobo Nocho, last summer in Rome. I had met, and liked, them both in different cities and under different circumstances. Sarah had been one of my psychic pin-ups ever since I saw some of her 'prentice actress performances in repertory at Cambridge, where her incisiveness of character made itself felt in the most jejune of repertory parts. Lobo's paintings first came to my notice in Paris in 1960.

Then, in Hollywood, I spent a gentle afternoon in Lynan's Bar, talking theatre shop and general London Green Room gossip over Scotch-on-the-rocks as the sun shone unreckoning outside. It was the beginning of a special knowledge of this brave, extraordinary woman. A beginning, if I may presume, of friendship.

Scattered

When Lobo told me about the mass of verse which was being negligently scattered in files and bottom drawers, I felt that there was more to be done than to idle in Rome and listen to the Via Veneto crowd denigrating the latest starlet from Sweden.

In London I talked to Sarah at a time when a literary agent had approached her, asking her to write some brief recollections of her father for world syndication. It was a propitious time, for Sarah (unlike the various generals, politicians, valets and medical practitioners who had, of necessity, worked with, and for, the Old Warrior) was deeply distressed at the way the Churchill industry was threatening to run amok – from tin medals to Toby jugs.

Love-hatred

Awkwardly, I asked her to forget what *they* were doing and to concentrate upon what *she* should do. Two luncheons and a few brandies afterwards I realised that there was nothing that an outsider could offer her by way of advice. She was as acutely aware of the love-hatred the world indulged itself in towards this father-figure, who happened to be *her* father, as the most complex students of modern history, or even Corelli Barnett. I was, in any case, content to see Sarah scrabbling through her files and travelling bags for her poems.

Even when the pressures of meeting her prose deadlines were looming over her, she never neglected her concern for collecting her fugitive verse. There were times when this must have been a painful duty, going through trunks and bags which had not been opened since long before the death of her second husband, Antony Beauchamp, or to resurrect intensely personal poems written in commemoration of her third husband, the late Lord Audley – a gentle man who gave this proud and

The daughter of the greatest hero-figure of our time has been granted special insights on the human comedy, and over the years she has expressed these insights privately in verse. Now her poetry has been made public (two of her poems appear on these pages), and CHARLES HAMBLETT, the man who persuaded her to commit herself to print, gives *London Life* an exclusive assessment of Sarah Churchill, poet and woman.

idiosyncratic woman the freedom of movement and expression without which she would not wish to exist.

Awareness is all. Sarah Churchill is acutely aware of all she has done, and of all that has been done to her. She can read the life history of a stranger in the span of five seconds of a casual meeting in an art gallery, or drawing room, or theatre foyer, or bar. And this awareness has gone into the making of her poems, now collected in a single volume (*The Empty Spaces*, published by Leslie Frewin), and open to scrutiny both as literature and as a slant on history. Two of these poems appear on the right.

Poetry is not at present her only writing concern. Modestly, Miss Churchill has entitled her first venture into prose *A Thread in the Tapestry*, and this is her privilege, though to most of us she is a *part* of the tapestry. Nevertheless, this is the essentially female essence with which she colours the poems in *The Empty Spaces*.

Loyalty

In prose or verse, her writing reveals an almost masochistic loyalty to her family, a loyalty shot with delightful self-revelations as, for instance, when she told me, with careless innocence, "I loved my father, but my mother found him first." This innocence lives clearly throughout her generous poetry. But this same innocence must not be confused with naïvety.

Miss Churchill is endowed with a gift of direct vision, allied with direct utterance, which makes her devastating company for the pompous, the entrenched, and the socially insecure. She is at her best in the company of poets, actors, and the charmer type of social con-man, and it makes the utmost of sense that she should enjoy the company of characters like Peter O'Toole, Lobo Nocho, and the more successful (and therefore the more secure) members of the aristocracy who have soldiered, or whose immediate forebears soldiered, with her father. Sarah Churchill is no snob – a witty bellhop will as much engage her attention as a port-wine duke – but she has a Churchillian disregard for bores.

Elegant

Her poems reflect her life, the life of an actress and wit saddled with a famous father. In her writings she expresses herself elegantly, as is to be expected from a poet whose household was cluttered with books, and whose early life was gently coloured by the comings and goings of Aircraftman Shaw and Kipling.

The tonality of these poems may be nearest akin to the tone poems of Christina Rossetti; but their truth is devastating. The Beat and the fashionable could learn a great deal from a sensitive reading.

The last farewell

SC We must brace ourselves to the fact
That we may never meet again.
That the blood and tears that seal this pact
Are not binding
When in later years
This world we know has turned to lead
And among the trebled billions of the dead
We wander through pits of fallen stars
Searching each other
And showing our hearts
As token of our Love
To the sightless eye of space.
Let us now become aware
That, as in this moment
Of reality's sweet bliss,
All seems unreal and we
Not really here;
So, in that blistering day of Truth,
When among the lonely speechless stars
We wander – bereft of these dear senses
that we know –
Unable to communicate –
We may yet . . . be there . . . .

WSC But where?

SC Where indeed, along the note of this
almighty theme
Will the nightingale we know
Find once again her first sung dream?
In cavernous horrors of roaring red
Will not our gentle dream be dead?
O! Tell me once again of courage young
And of the wise men dead from whom it sprung.

A matter of choice

This is what I have chosen –
This moment bitter and free;
This is what I have chosen
From so much that was offered to me.
Life showered her costliest gifts
And a safe passage home, if need be,
But this is what I have chosen –
This moment so bitter . . .
And free.
Come, see what it is that I've chosen
Come, look on the dust that I see
Come, gape at the desert I've chosen
From all that was offered to me.
I bought these bright tears with a heart-break,
And they're all the jewels you'll see
Adorning this moment I've chosen
Dark moment so bitter . . .
But free.

From "The Empty Spaces" by Sarah Churchill, published by Leslie Frewin at 21s.

THE AMERICANS AMONG US

Next week, on the fourth of July, firecrackers popping all over America celebrate the anniversary of independence from the British. The 18,000 Americans who live in London, and the thousands more here as visitors, celebrate less vividly but do recognise the day. Who are our American Londoners? Is their presence proof that despite 190 years of independence the ties still bind?

BY SUSAN LYDON

Four American tourists sat down to dinner in the Washington Hotel. They were a middle-aged and a young couple, on a 23-day tour of Europe in which London was the first lap. They had spent two days here and were leaving the next. It was a time for planning the future and a time for summing-up.

Dick, a young dentist from Long Island, and his wife, could not decide between taking the boat train to Paris overnight and missing the scenery, or taking it during the day and having less time there. The middle-aged businessman and his wife were not quite so frantic; they were more interested in discussing London.

"There must be something that really impressed you about London," said the businessman. "What do you think you'll remember for the rest of your life?"

"The pomp, the tradition," Dick said slowly. You don't see something like that Changing of the Guard every day. But what has impressed me most about London is the currency."

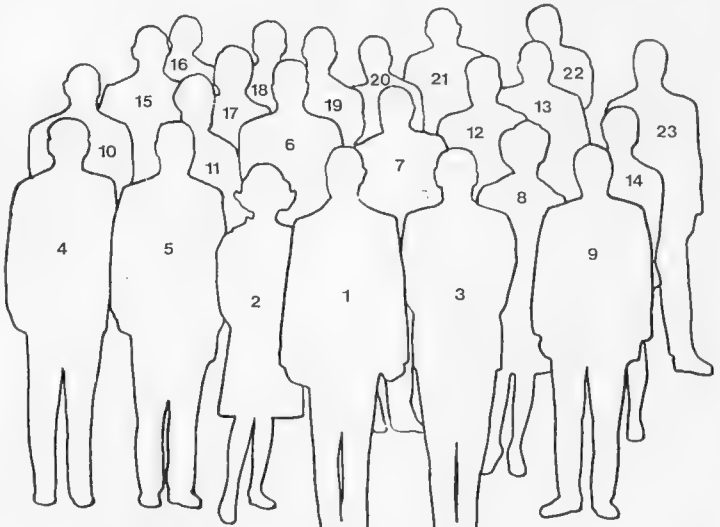
"The currency?" the businessman asked, incredulously.

"Yes. Pounds, shillings, pence – it's so British," said Dick.

THE number of American tourists who come to England increases at the rate of 15 per cent. a year. This year 900,000 are expected, and the figure next year will be over a million. All of them will stop in London. They come here because it is part of the established ritual of doing Europe, not quite so grandly as on the old Grand Tour, but still a necessary status symbol. Only the young will be interested in seeing the parts of London that are rumoured to swing. For the older tourists, the Scotch of St James is only a johnny-come-lately in the list of London musts: they will always buy more cashmere sweaters than mini-skirts, and rush off to see the Elgin marbles faster than they will to see the King's Road.

Older American tourists all seem to have Southern or Mid-Western accents. They shop at Liberty's, the Scotch House, or well-known Bond Street stores like W Bill's, where assistants will automatically quote prices in dollars. Their teenage children may agitate for a Mary Quant dress for the London Look, or, in extreme cases, a trip to Liverpool for some genuine mud from the Mersey, but these things are likely to be overlooked in the frenetic rush to "St Paul's in the morning, the Tower after lunch."

The main body of American tourists, however, are the college students, for whom the summer trip to Europe has become as important a part of their education as spring vacation in Nassau. The English say: "You can always tell an American by his clothes and his crew cut." Can you? The American student, often with hair that is long even by English standards, wears a Harris tweed jacket and a regimental striped tie; his female counterpart wears a Liberty printed blouse and a Shetland sweater.



Our cover: a sampling of enterprising American power, personalities, and prowess on the London scene – political, business, artistic, and social. 1 His Excellency, David K E Bruce, American Ambassador to the Court of St James's; 2 Mrs Ernestine Carter, Women's Editor, *The Sunday Times*; 3 Mr Douglas Fairbanks Jr, Hon KBE, actor-writer-businessman-extraordinaire; 4 Mr Emil Kekich, Executive Director, American Chamber of Commerce (UK); 5 Mr William Lyons, Director, UK, Pan-American World Airways; 6 Mr Henry Luce III, Bureau Chief, Time-Life International (London); 7 Mr George Woodward, European Manager, *The New Yorker*, 8 Miss Diana Sands, star of *The Owl and the Pussycat*; 9 Mr Arthur Lewis, impresario-producer (*Little Me*, *How to Succeed . . .*, *Funny Girl*); 10 Mr J Marshall Gaffney, Vice-President, Europe, United States Lines; 11 Mr Paul Jenkins, celebrated abstract-expressionist painter; 12 Mr Henry McNulty, Vice-President (US), and Director (Europe), Carl Byoir & Associates; 13 Mr Walter Smith, Managing Director, Young & Rubicam (London); 14 Miss Jann Haworth, celebrated sculptress; 15 Mr Harvey Orkin, show-business agent extraordinaire; 16 Mr Claude Virgin, leading advertising and commercial photographer; 17 Alice Baber Jenkins, lyrical abstract artist; 18 Mr Martin Jurow, producer, Warner Brothers (*Breakfast At Tiffany's*, *The Pink Panther*, *The Great Race*); 19 Mr Robert Parrish, film director (*The Purple Plain*, *In The French Style*, now on *Casino Royale*); 20 Mr Robert Goldstein, formerly Vice-President in charge of production, 20th-Century Fox (*Inn of the Sixth Happiness*, *Sons & Lovers*, *The Hustler*), now Executive Producer, Goldstar Productions; 21 Mr John A Stilwell, President, the American Club (London); 22 Mr Victor Lownes, Managing Director, Playboy Enterprises (Europe); 23 Mr Hylan Booker, leading fashion designer.

Finding the action

Lured by *Time*, or, on a more sophisticated level, having misconstrued Christopher Booker's vicious attack on The New Britain in *Esquire* ("Can a country that has Shrimpton, and Mods, and Lester, and Wilson be all bad? No. Can it be pretty bad? Yes.") as yet another proof that London is where the action is, they go in search of the swinging city. It has now become *de rigueur* to photograph Carnaby Street (full of other Americans photographing them photographing Carnaby Street), and crowds of students nightly stand outside the Scotch of St James, wanting only to peep in the windows. Unchanged, however, is the pathetic sight of students hanging around American Express in the Haymarket, even on Sundays, waiting to run into someone they know.

London is usually the first stop in the whiz-bang, motorcycle fast tour of Europe, and the last. In the beginning the students are fresh; by the end

their eyes are glazed, their feet sore, their wash-and-wear shirts a bit frayed. And when they return to school in the fall, the entire experience is likely to be summed up in a phrase like "Loved Paris, hated Rome."

Two Americans shopping in London: "This tweed jacket would have set me back 60 bucks in the States," marvelled one student. "Here they're practically throwing them away. I picked this one up for only 22 guineas."

"I bought some dinin'-room chairs from a real sweet man in the Antique Supermarket," said the wife of a visiting executive, in a soft Southern accent. "I probably could have gotten 'em cheaper in New York. Still, there's always somethin' in sayin' you got 'em in England." The bill for shipping came to twice the price of the chairs.

There are 90,000 American civilians resident in the United Kingdom. In London, there is a huge community of about 18,000 of all sorts: the Press, diplomats, actors, bankers, film people, writers, students, executives and junior business staff, and Americans married to Englishmen. Many are here for American companies, but there are a surprising number in high British places: John C Evans, one of the directors of Hill, Samuel & Co Ltd, one of the largest British merchant banks, is in charge of all their international investment accounts; well-known journalists like Ernestine Carter of the *Sunday Times*, Stanley Reynolds of the *Guardian*, Dick Adler, editor of *Town*, or the professional American, John Crosby of the *Observer*. Two Cabinet Ministers, Anthony Wedgwood Benn and Anthony Crosland, are married to American women; Richard Lester, the most influential innovator in British films, is American; Yehudi Menuhin, who received an honorary KBE last December, cannot be addressed as Sir, because he wants to retain his American citizenship.

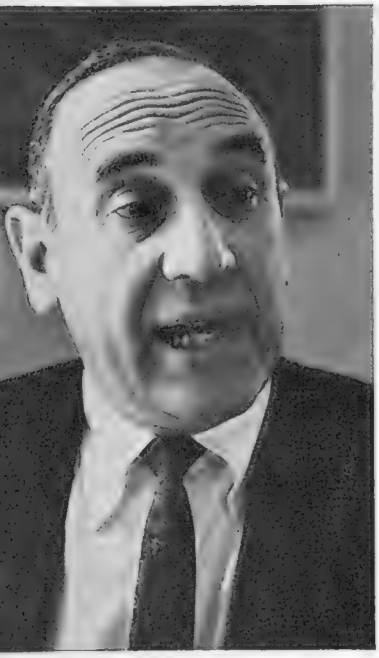
For Americans, London, despite its supposed "Americanisation," is still a fascinatingly different city, and they are in the main eager to take advantage of it. Most consider them-

(Continued overleaf)

David Handlin and Elizabeth Rosenwald, two Americans studying at the Slade School of Art: "It's an interlude – not really part of your life."

The Americans Among Us

(Continued)



Walter Shenson, independent film producer: "I hate being an executive; I love making movies, and it seems that London is the best place to do that."

selves partly tourists, and thus find themselves more "culturally involved" than they would be at home. When questioned about life here, almost all mention first the features of Britain all Americans love: the parks, the London taxis, the old-fashioned restaurants like Simpson's-in-the-Strand, the countryside, the sense of history, and the availability of the arts. On an American salary, especially, the London life is a very pleasant one: the pace tends to be a bit slower, the atmosphere if less informal is also less brash, the competition in business less severe, the cost of living lower, and luxuries like servants more readily available.

But London life is undeniably *different* from American life, and the differences, to an American, are often maddening. Everyone knows what Americans miss in London: you have to go to Paris for a decent hamburger, and jellied eels and sausage rolls will never substitute for hot dogs. Princess Lee Radziwill misses Schrafft's sundaes, and the Sunday *New York Times*. The latter is almost a universal sentiment among American expatriates.

What they miss

Americans complain about lack of creature comforts – "Heating was never a luxury to me before," said one. "It is in this country" – and they miss the ease and availability of services like dry cleaning. They are confused by closing hours of shops and pubs, infuriated by the telephone system ("They talk about getting to the moon, but they can't even make a lousy phone call.") Said one young American, "Slower pace of life? Sure. It's a euphemism for never getting anything done."

He was young, and the frustrations of living in London seem to weigh most heavily on young Americans, students in particular. In American universities, fellowships to study in England are the most highly coveted, the ones for which competition is keenest. Because most students want to spend some time living abroad, and because there is no language barrier, England seems the most desirable place to be. Most students who do get here feel the experience has been valuable. "It gives you, through distance, perspective on America," said one. But the experience of one English student, who had spent two years in America working with civil rights groups in the South and felt, when he returned to England, that "it was like coming back to a dying hulk," is unparallelled by Americans coming to London.

Breath of decay

Young Americans are apt to feel that by losing contact with the vitality of America, the excitement, the infinite variety, and the sense of things happening, they have lost some of their own vitality. David Handlin, studying at the Slade School of Art, said: "Ostensibly it shouldn't affect you. But it's in the atmosphere here – a kind of decay – and you can't help breathing it in. There's just no action." Elizabeth Rosenwald, another student at the Slade, added: "Most American students have no real stake in the country. They're over here on a sort of vacation. It's an interlude – not really part of your life. Therefore the things that are gained are really personal things."

"It makes you see the American thing in a different perspective," said David. "But what you see makes you want to opt for the American thing."

A young American photographer who has been working in London for a year: "Frankly I'm here because I wanted to get my work published in Europe, and I'm not fluent in any foreign language, so I decided London would be a good base. If I had been aware of all the obstacles I was going to run into, I never would have come. I'm doing what I want to do, but it's hell. I'm fighting all the time, because there aren't enough serious people in photography – no one like Edward Steichen. England is an island geographically, and in this medium, it's an island visually. There are too many photographers on top for too long, doing too little, for too much money. England is a nation of con-men."

One thing that makes life less pleasant for students and other young Americans is that they do not have enough money to make the difference in standard of living which older Americans have. Rents in London are just as high as they are in America, higher to include "luxuries" that Americans take for granted, like central heating, telephones, refrigerators, and bathrooms. ("Your own bathroom?" a Clapham estate agent asked an American secretary. "Maybe you'd like something in Buckingham Palace?") Food is cheaper. But clothing, despite all the ballyhoo about the fashion revolution, is much more expensive than it is in the States, and more difficult. Lorraine Shapiro, a small American girl, complained: "The Chelsea look is great on all these English girls, but if you are more shrimp than Shrimpton you have to become resigned to the Dickensian look – in a coat three sizes too big for you."

The real winners

It is for Americans in the upper income levels that living in London makes the real difference. A $20,000-a-year publishing executive moved to London from his modest Queens, New York flat, and, in his own words, "just flopped into" the Belgravia town house of a celebrated English actress. He promptly enrolled his two sons, who had gone to state schools in New York, at St Paul's, and his wife began to shop for meat at Cobb's.

Before the changes in tax law, the life of the American executive fulfilled an almost sybaritic image of tax-free, high-expense-account living, far from the pressures and competition of his home

office. The image has changed, but for most executives a London tour of duty is still a plum. Few plunge completely into English life; they continue to wear button-down shirts, pleatless pants, use American slang, and count Americans as their closest friends.

But as a minority they work in their companies mainly with Englishmen, and, surprisingly, the reception on both sides is cordial. The ability to move in both worlds is one of the great charms of London.

Many executives take to the London way of life so well they never want to go back. Said one Anglophilic executive: "My home office is in a tiny one-industry town lost in the Mid-Western prairies. I've been here for five years, and if they tried to call me back, I wouldn't go. After London, with vacations in Spain and trips to Paris, what the hell would I ever do in Indiana?"

Executive viewpoint

Henry McNulty, who has been directing the London office of Carl Byoir and Associates, Ltd, a public relations firm, for five years, is almost a professional expatriate. Since 1940, he has spent only three years in America. His five-year-old daughter goes to a small school run by Lord Avon's sister and has a strong English accent. "She hardly knows she is American," said McNulty, "but that doesn't bother me. I suppose I am an international person. For me chauvinism is *passé*."

Surprisingly, executives, who most need efficiency in phones, and who operate at a faster pace of life, find few faults with London. And the ones they do find are minor. The only thing that annoys one American businessman is that . . . "They don't put erasers on pencils." But he quickly adds: "Maybe they don't make as many mistakes as we do."

Walter Shenson is one of the many film producers who stays in London because of the availability of talent, cheaper production costs, and, best of all, the Government-sponsored Eady Fund which can grant a producer up to 50 per cent. of his production costs. He has been in London for almost 12 years, since he was sent here by Columbia Pictures as a publicist charged with softening-up the American market to foreign films. He scraped together his savings, and started out as an independent producer. In 1963 he was approached by United Artists to make a film of the Beatles. "The Beatles came along, and I was a big success," he said, quietly, modestly, more pleasantly surprised than anything else. Now he admits: "Financially I will never have to make a movie again." London has been good to Walter Shenson, and he returns the compliment.

"In London, the words independent producer really apply. We go on instincts and on talent. London is a much more stimulating place than Hollywood. If I'd stayed there, I'd probably be an executive overseeing movie-making. I hate being an executive: I love making movies, and it seems that here is the best place to do that." Shenson says he loves living in London, but stresses that it is London as a city that he enjoys . . . "It doesn't seem to have anything to do with the fact it's in England." The only disadvantage to being an expatriate, he feels, is that his two sons, having had little experience of American life, might feel somewhat schizophrenic about their nationalities.

Jon Bradshaw, a 28-year-old freelance writer who has lived in England for three years, also has a very personal attitude toward London,

Donald Wayne, pictured with his daughter Christina, will bring out a weekly newspaper for Americans in England in the autumn. Called *The American*, it fills a need "because Americans *are* different, and they want a newspaper of their own." Christina is her father's secretary, and helps with research.

partly determined by his attitude toward America. "Life for me was infinitely more difficult in the States. There was too much emphasis on antecedents: 'Where'd you go to school? Did you finish?' There is a self-consciousness in America that I can't abide."

His life in London is very pleasant indeed. He lives in a spacious flat with a garden, for which he pays £5 a week, and has "a host of little people taking care of me: a crack accountant, a crack agent (if I accept her), a crack bank manager, a char, and gardener. You don't have that sort of thing in New York." He likes the fact that in London . . . "people are accessible. There is none of that protective apparatus that builds up around a person once he gets famous in the States. In London, if there is an interesting person you'd like to talk to, you find yourself sitting next to him at a dinner-party." Part of the set

(Continued overleaf)

An out of this world evening. Dancing and fine food. "All systems go" at the London Hilton Roof Restaurant. For reservations phone HYDe Park 8000.

The Americans Among Us

(Continued)

that the rest of the world now looks upon as Swinging Londoners, he is happy to have several close friends who read and criticise his work, and disappointed only that his fatuous piece on Ins and Outs drew more attention than more serious pieces on *Twang!* and the Candy Mossler trial. Earlier this year on a trip to the States, he made the decision not to stock up on button-down shirts any more, and called it resignedly, "my final immersion." But he still finds subjects for pieces in the grotesqueries of American life.

"Why? For obvious reasons I welcome any chance to stick a lance in the soft underbelly of Johnson's Great Society."

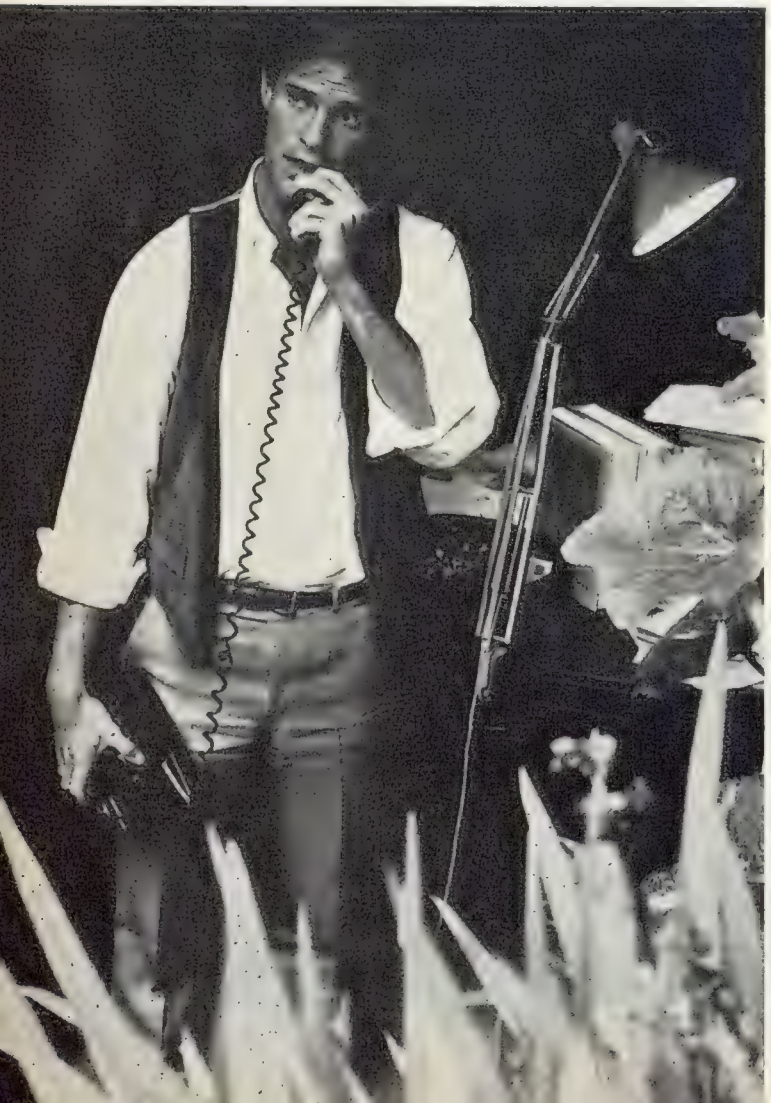
In the Cromwellian Club, a crowd waited for Major Lance, an American rhythm and blues singer, to appear. The stage was shallow, and about 10 back-up musicians were ranged across it. Major Lance came on, in a luminous, rust-coloured, mohair suit, rangy and gangling, with legs like David Warner's filling the screen in Morgan! *He began singing his most famous song,* Monkey Time, *but the backing group, instead of the undulating, constantly changing rhythm of the easy, swinging song, were playing a fast, monotonous beat, and he was racing to keep up with them.*

When breaks in the music came, he tried to dance, but circumscribed by the small stage, was unable to, and was clearly unhappy. He was accompanied musically by a small, gentle-looking boy who picked the electric guitar with his teeth, and, socially, by a "cat" named Liverpool in a suede jacket and shades, who frantically snapped pictures during the show.

In his dressing-room, a cloakroom with cardboard boxes to sit on, the Major was going through the incredible hair-straightening ritual which precedes and follows a Negro singer's act. Finally, he tied his hair up in a rust-coloured scarf, took a slug of rye from a bottle in his suitcase, and began pacing the narrow length of the room.

The English booking agent came in. "Man," said the Major, "why didn't you tell me what a dump this was? No stage. This is what I do, like you got your job, and I gotta have a stage to do it." He turned to Liverpool. "I take my tie off and throw it to the audience. Afterwards some little girl comes and brings it back to me. I don't want it." The guitarist shook his head. "No soul," said Liverpool.

Jon Bradshaw, freelance magazine writer: "Life for me was infinitely more difficult in the States."



Americans coming to London expect that because the language is the same, there will be no difficulties. But there is a clash of temperaments, and the chasm that yawns between two such different natures is often, as with Major Lance, impassable. The ambiguous attitude the English hold toward Americans often forces them to be far more American than they are at home.

The stupidities

"Did you see *your* Mr Lodge?" an Englishman asks an American, and the assumption seems to be that not only does the American support Mr Lodge's policies in Vietnam, but also has him to dinner every night when at home. "This isn't America; money doesn't grow under trees," says a sputtering landlady, intent on persuading an American to pay 12 guineas a week for a single bed-sitter in Belsize Park.

On a different level of consciousness about many things, communication between the two peoples is sometimes hopelessly muddled and utterly tactless. An American Negro girl, on a visit to London, was trying on a coat in Harrod's. "What other colours does it come in?" she asked the assistant. "Nigger brown," said the assistant, with no change of expression, and the girl walked out.

American and British slang are, for the most part, not at all interchangeable, and this, of course, produces humorous situations. Tony Lema, before last year's golf tournament at Southport, called the course "a tough mother." British reporters, confused by the epithet, reported it as: "Lema calls course 'as tough as my mother.'" An American reporter tried to explain it: "It's only half a word," he said.

Americans' reaction to London life form a fairly predictable pattern. In the beginning, the anger with the petty frustrations: "The Romans had central heating in London 2,000 years ago"; or, during a cold spell, "This is the only place in the world where a headline like 'Gas board cuts power to cope with extra demand' isn't a *non sequitur*."

Sorting things out

When the annoyance is gone, resignation and confusion follow, and even a perceptive reporter like Anthony Lewis of the *New York Times*, out of his depth, is apt to mouth superficialities. One American journalist reckons it took him three years to get all his thoughts about London storted out.

English girl attending an American wedding reception in London: "I can't bear these things. Americans are so bloody FORMAL."

Another kind of American, who moves in high London social circles, is hardly American at all. On that level, people are international, and one tends to forget their original nationality. Douglas Fairbanks Jr and Fleur Cowles, for example, have become so much a part of the English social scene, that few people think of them as Americans. American film actors form another sort of international set. In London for short periods at a time, they seem to bring America with them. Their Sunday morning softball game in Hyde Park is the most convincing piece of Americana to be seen anywhere in London. As one American movie mogul said: "I ask you. Could anyone tell the difference between this and Central Park?"

But for most people the difference between Hyde Park and Central Park is all the difference in the world. Some American Londoners will spend the rest of their lives here; most will go back, but almost none without some sense of regret. Said one American expatriate: "If you get past the fog, the inefficiency, the bad heating, and the rainy summers, you're hooked, and America will never seem the same again."

Last word from Douglas Fairbanks

"It is difficult to give an objective explanation of why we Americans like to live in London. Certainly it's not because of the weather, nor because of the telephone system, nor the heating arrangements in many houses. It isn't because of the culture and language we share, or its venerable beauties, or its second Elizabethan resurgence of youthful vitality, or its way of life (whatever that, nowadays, may be). I suppose we pin our affections on its people – warm, kind, humorous, lazy, loyal, decent, reliable, innately civilised. We are proud and devoted Americans, but we confess to an inexplicable schizophrenia as far as London is concerned."

Picture by John Kelly

Sugar and Spice and All Things Nice

In the summer, little girls need all sorts of clothes – and plenty of them: they spend hours out of doors, and have to do quick changes from grubby dungarees to fresh cotton dresses. Our photograph shows a selection. Left to right, from the back: Brown dress with velvet ribbons, yellow flower print, about £2 10s at Pollyanna. Little girl on the bench: Flowered dress with *broderie anglaise* cuffs, by Emily Jane, £1 15s 6d at Fenwick. Little girl in the front: Mackintosh with printed white flowers and its own hat, £2 19s 6d at Fenwick. At the back: Long-sleeved dress in heavy linen Provençal print, about 5½ guineas at Peliss. Green dress with large flower print, £1 9s 6d, by Emily Jane at Fenwick. Tall girl in the background: Smocked dress with white collar, £3 19s 6d at Harrods. Child kneeling: White and pink dress with *broderie anglaise* yoke, £1 19s 6d

(matching pants, 6s 11d), worn with white *broderie anglaise* pinafore, 18s 11d, all from Fenwick. Two little girls sitting: One in flowered mac, with matching hat, £4 9s 6d at Pollyanna. The other in white coat with pink frogging and flowers, about £4 15s at Widgie. Another Emily Jane dress in cream, red and pale brown, worn by the baby, £1 15s 6d at Fenwick. Behind the baby: Boy wearing white and pink flowered dungarees, £1 5s 6d, and matching mob cap, 5s 11d, at Fenwick. A pair of scalloped dresses: Each is reversible (to a plain colour), and each has two pairs of pants, £2 9s 6d per set, at Fenwick. The same dress as before, but without the pinafore, £1 19s 6d from Fenwick. Party dress with blue and pink flowers, £6 7s 6d at Harrods. Olive-green pinafore dress, and Liberty print blouse, £8 at Young Outlook.

STOCKISTS: Pollyanna, 35 Thayer Street, W1 (WEL 4739); Fenwick, Bond Street, W1 (MAY 9161); Peliss, 240 Brompton Road, SW7 (KEN 2261); Harrods, Knightsbridge, SW1 (SLO 1234); Widgie, 14 Portland Road, W11 (PAR 7888); Young Outlook, 154 Walton Street, SW3 (KNI 6807).

Photograph by Lucinda Lambton

ALL-COLOUR ON THE WESTERN FRONT

Rarely, if ever, has colour been used on the screen to depict the horror, futility – and splendour – of the four-year mud-strewn bloodbath that was the First World War. And not since the '30s era in the cinema has there been a story of the "men with wings," the pilots who fought dog-fight after dog-fight to gain supremacy in the air. Now director John Guillermin combines both elements to bring us *The Blue Max*, which tells of a ruthless German pilot who stops at nothing, from seducing the General's wife to claiming as his own "kills" two British aircraft shot down by a friend who himself crashes soon afterwards. George Peppard, who plays the relentless high-flying ace, Bruno Stachel, determined to win the coveted Blue Max medal for pilots who have shot down at least 20 enemy planes, did all his own flying for the film. John Guillermin is said to have injected a never-before degree of realism into the air combat scenes.

WHAT PEOPLE ARE WEARING

Julie Spencer wearing a white cotton piqué dress, with a pink floral pattern, from Neatawear. She has worked in fashion for several years, learning about it from all angles, and is now assistant public relations officer for Neatawear.

(*Continued overleaf*)

WHAT PEOPLE ARE WEARING

(Continued)

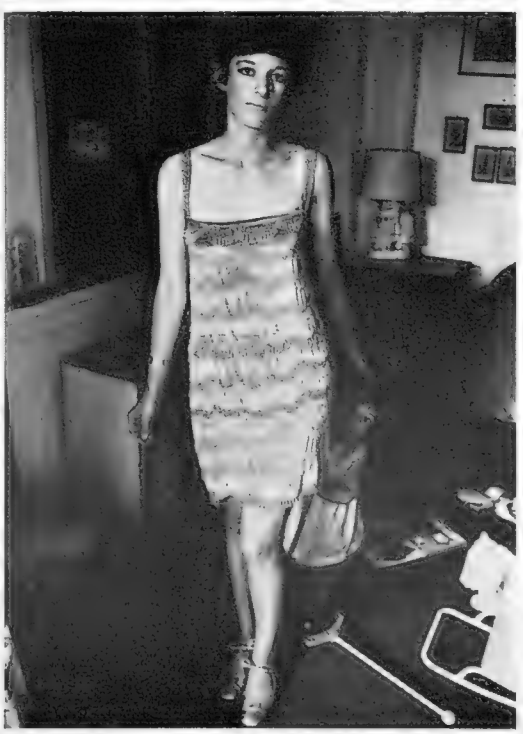
Mary Lambert (above): Wearing a suit which she designed and had made in orange raw silk. The sleeveless blouse is made of brown charmeuse silk, and her watch is Early Victorian. Mary does research for ABC Television features.

Isabelle Assar (right): Has been living in England for six months, and is married to a Persian painter. Madame Assar is photographed wearing a green linen dress banded in yellow and brown by Jacques Estere.

Michele Burnett (far right): Wearing a pale-blue linen dress and jacket designed by herself, which she had made at Harrington Boutique. Her brooch is diamond and sapphire from Charig. Michele is a secretary

Mrs Susan Hardingham (left): Who, with her husband, designs all the fabrics for Bute Looms Ltd, wearing a dress and coat (fabric by Bute) made by Maggi Shepherd. The dress is red wool sleeveless, with a roll collar; the coat is in red, white and blue wool.

Antoinette von Westenholz (below): Wearing a cotton satin coat from *Granny Takes a Trip*. The collar, cuffs and hem are black lace, and it is beautifully beaded on the front and back.



Anne Chisholm (far left): Has just come back from Italy, and before this she lived in New York, working on *Time* magazine. She bought this dress in the Village while she was over there; it is made of voile, and is pale pink.

Judith Kazantzis (left): Wearing a '20s dress in mossy green skin velvet with silver beading, which she bought at the Chelsea Antique Market. With her is daughter Miranda, in a pale-blue starched linen dress with *broderie anglaise*.

YOU, TOO, CAN BE A PARK BIRD WATCHER

A report on *Bird Life in Royal Parks* might appear to be the latest diatribe from Mr Billy Graham. Not at all. It is a genuine report on the feathered variety, and it reveals that apart from ducks and sparrows there are 130 different species of birds in the parks.

Regent's Park seems to be the most popular among the least-known visitors. A team of official bird-watchers of the Committee on Bird Sanctuaries in Royal Parks, who drew up the report, spotted the Montagu's Harrier, Oystercatcher, Grey Plover, Greenshank and Stone Curlew flying over. And a flock of White-Fronted Geese.

A Jack Snipe was seen at Osterley Park, the Collared Dove in several parks and the Lesser Whitethroat was noted migrating in larger numbers than usual. "The committee," says the report, "considers that conservation of habitat areas for birds is of foremost importance if public pleasure in the parks is to be maintained."

Hyde Park seems to be one of the most popular sanctuaries. One afternoon in August birds of 16 species were spotted there. Success is reported in breeding the Herring Gull in Regent's Park, and the Great Crested Grebe nested there but failed to rear a brood.

Letter-writers to *The Times* will be sorry to hear that the Cuckoo was less in evidence than ever. The Little Owl is rapidly disappearing and Woodpeckers were slow to recover from the winter of 1963.

Much of the report comes from the committee's special team of voluntary observers who prowl London's parks and open spaces with pen and notebook spotting wildlife.

It's a job open to anybody who fancies himself as a bird watcher. And the report says that anybody can find fascinating things to see in the parks. "Local relationships," it says, "of fauna and flora can be a stimulating study for people who frequent the parks." So there, Mr Graham!

THE LONDON I LOVE

She is the wife of the Lord Mayor, Sir Lionel Denny; she is a Londoner born and bred. From the glittering interior of the Mansion House, she talks of London and why, of all the capital cities in the world, it is London she loves most. Continuing this *London Life* series, we talk to –

Lady Denny

LOVERS of London don't feel wholehearted about their city unless they are born and bred here in the "smoke." Such is the case with Lady Denny, wife of the present Lord Mayor of London, Sir Lionel Denny. Both he and his wife were born and bred in Putney, hard by the river and within coaching distance of the Mansion House, their official home for this year.

Although Lady Denny currently views London from within the stately confines of the Mansion House, with its lofty halls and ballrooms, she is more accustomed to smaller surroundings and a loftier view of London from the Denny home, which has been at Dolphin Square for the past six years. "There we have everything," she says, "shops, a restaurant, even a place to sunbathe; and, of course, we are quite used to some of the people who live there, the oddities."

Artistic

Naturally, Pimlico forms Lady Denny's favourite part of London, with its intrinsic warmth and make-up of some of the more interestingly artistic characters. But her interest in London started with a very healthy instruction from her father, an architect. As a young girl she was wafted around town with frequent stops outside churches and various buildings, where her father would point out a particular item or feature and explain its attraction.

With such good grounding in the architecture of London, Lady Denny says, with a touch of feminine logic, that her most favourite part remains the antique shops in Kensington Church Street: "I really enjoy myself wandering up that street." But if the antique shops of Kensington have their appeal, then the East End, the docks and their surrounds also have a certain attraction.

Before being caught up in the social whirl which constitutes a year as Lady Mayoress, Lady Denny spent a good few of her working days with the Red Cross in East London. Not content with that, she also ran the trolley shop in Moorfields Eye Hospital, Clerkenwell. Both these occupations gave her ample time to see the other, less touristy side of London – a London which she says has just as much character and distinction as the better-known areas which form the tourists' happy hunting grounds.

Although London is, to many of its inhabitants, a dirty and somewhat aloof city, Lady Denning claims to have noticed a considerable warming, if not cleansing, of the inhabitants. "The one thing I notice now is that Londoners sitting on buses or on Tubes don't sit in such resolute silence any more," she says. "People do talk to each other, a little."

Lady Denny finds a great deal of opportunity to observe passengers on London Transport because she has given up driving her car around town: "Quite simply there is too much traffic. I don't mind driving myself in the country, but not in Town."

Like many other motorists before her, Lady Denny has rediscovered the delights of travelling by car without having to concentrate on pointing it in the right direction. "It's amazing how much I notice about London simply by being a car passenger instead of driver."

Moments not spent in a car are occupied reading standard history books on the City and its development. The Mansion House is, predictably equipped with a fairly comprehensive library. "I've read everything I can get my hands on," says Lady Denny. Coupled with that, Lady Denny finds the best way to discover items of historical interest is to go and see for herself: "Walking round the Mansion House, I suppose I find something new to admire two or three times a week."

Outside the Mansion House – "which is not particularly beautiful" – Lady Denny is delighted to see the City pavements yielding so much history. "You can put a fork in the ground almost anywhere and find something of interest." But what delights her much more is the diligent way in which archaeological finds are protected for as long as possible.

Such appeal

London exerts a continuous and unflagging sway on Lady Denny's choice of permanent home. Out of all the capital cities in the world she has visited, she still prefers London. "It has such an appeal for me that wherever I am I'm always glad to get back here," she enthused. "I don't think I could bear living even in the country around London – I'm too much a fan of the ballet, the opera and the theatre."

It is sad to note that since Sir Lionel and Lady Denny moved into the Mansion House for their 12 months in residence, Lady Denny has managed to find time for no more than three visits to the ballet . . . but that's life for the Lady Mayoress in a city like London.

Lady Denny (right), in the Blue Ballroom at the Mansion House: "I notice now that Londoners on buses or on Tubes don't sit in such resolute silence any more"

GOIN' FISHIN' AND CHIPPIN'

To meet our prodigious appetite for fish and chips there are some 900 "frying tonight" establishments in and around London. RODNEY BURBECK, a self-confessed fish-and-chip-o-mane, provides a guide to some of London's better-known shops – and deplores some of the changes that have taken place.

What does every exiled Englishman miss the most? Dover's white cliffs, London's red buses, warm beer? With me it's fish and chips. I can barely pass the customs at Boulogne before visions of succulent, sizzling cod fill my mind. What is more evocative?

Mind you, I am something of a fish-and-chip-o-mane. Connoisseur even. I collect fish and chip shops like other people store vintage wines. I can savour now the chips at a little shop in a back-street in Leicester. Light brown and soft and always steaming hot, liberally garnished with salt and vinegar, eaten from the *Daily Mirror*, draining the last bits of vinegar-soaked crackling from the bottom corner.

But chips aren't what they used to be. For a start you no longer get them wrapped in newsprint. Brown paper and greaseproof bags may be more hygienic but frankly I prefer newsprint.

And now, as someone once said, chips are with everything. New-found affluence and battery-breeding have brought chicken to the masses, so that the cry nowadays is "chicken and six" instead of cod and six. New-fangled frying machinery has eliminated those delicious golden brown bits of crackling that provided a bonus when the chips were gone.

Back Streets

The Fish Fryers' Federation assure me there are 900 fish and chip shops in and around London. But to find most of them you have to take your *A to Z* and follow your nose along the back streets. There used to be a lot more but gradually they have closed, turned into launderettes, merged with near-neighbours to make one big shop for a whole district.

Yet fish and chip shops are springing up on the Continent, providing sustenance to the holidaymakers who can't face *paella* in Majorca or Tossa. I even found one in St Tropez this year. There are signs, too, that fish and chips are becoming respectable. One chain of fish restaurants has even got a firm of public relations consultants to improve the corporate image of fish and chips.

The same chain, Associated Fisheries (Restaurants) Ltd, is a subsidiary of a company whose chairman is Lord Fraser, boss of Harrods store. They have recently opened a new sit-down or carry-out restaurant, a subsidiary of a company in Notting Hill Gate, which, says their publicity, is unique. It combines a high-class restaurant, serving smoked salmon, and a low-price take-away shop, serving cod and chips.

"Fish and chips," says their PR man, "seem to have got a bit of a bad image. It is regarded as something of a shaggy dish. But we believe there is a public demand for higher standards at a reasonable price."

Better known

And now, a guide to some of London's better known fish and chip shops.

To start with a personal favourite – **The Sea Shell** in Lisson Grove, NW1, near Marylebone Station. Many a fish supper I purchased at this particular place while working the nightshift for a news agency, which had its office nearby. A sentimental journey took me back there recently and I found it modernised – no more sawdust on the floor – but the quality just the same. They had a wide selection of fish plus "battered bangers," cod roe and baked beans and peas in cartons. My plaice was excellent, although my fellow taster and girl friend, Janette, found it a trifle too greasy. The chips (8d) could have done with a mite longer cooking.

By the way, be wary of the vinegar shaker – some joker before had left the top unscrewed and I very nearly ruined my chips.

Far from my favourite, though certainly one of the busiest fish shops in London, is the **Hi Tide** in Kenway Road, SW5. There is nearly always a queue and it owes its popularity to its close proximity to the shifting population of Earls Court Road. But despite its constant custom, it has recently raised the price of chips from 6d to 1s a portion. They display a notice saying it is not the fault of the seamen's strike – as if that was any consolation. Admittedly, the portions are pretty generous, but quality is lacking.

One saving grace of the Hi Tide is that it never seems to close – it's even open on Sundays and until midnight on weekdays. And the assistants are always cheery.

Chelsea is badly served for fish and chip shops. (This, I suppose, means that fish and chips are not "swinging.") There is one anonymous one in Dartrey Terrace – no name, no number – at World's End. This shop once gave me a news scoop: I was emerging with my plaice and six when a man was stabbed to death near the phone box across the road. It brightened up an otherwise dull supper. The fish here is generally good but chip portions are small.

More sedate

At a rather more sedate end of Chelsea – 99 Brompton Road, SW7 – there is the **Fritto Bar.** This used to be an ordinary fish and chip shop – now it has been expanded with a licensed restaurant added. Fortunately, quality has not suffered.

Farther west – at 805 Fulham Road, opposite Munster Park Chapel – is the fish and chip shop of **North Sea Fisheries.** This is also a fresh fish shop during the day, which is a good sign. Indeed, the fish is usually excellent. Chips a trifle dry. Saveloys available as well as fish. Service very friendly.

One of London's most famous fish and chip shops is the **Fish Inn** in Newport Place, more or less behind the Talk of the Town. A good place to pick up a cheap supper after an expensive night at the theatre – that is, if you have a girl friend who doesn't mind cheap fish suppers.

If you have a girl friend like that, take her down to Thames Ditton – 15 miles along the A3 in Surrey. A few drinks at the Swan overlooking the Thames (the only pub I know with a private landing stage for customers' boats), then across the road to the **Scampi Bar.** This is, in fact, just a pretentious, stockbroker belt name for a fish and chip shop. (They do sell scampi, but far more fish and chips.)

I have no hesitation in awarding this shop full commendation and five stars. For 2s 6d I bought plaice, chips and two onions, which is value for money and well worth the 30-mile drive. Janette pronounced both fish and chips perfect – and that is quite something, as she has a critical palate when it comes to fish and chips.

One of the few shops in London still serving sixpenny portions of chips (remember when you could get threepenn'orth?) is the **Cosy Corner** at 148 King's Road, Hammersmith. The chips here even beat Thames Ditton – chunky, tender and sweet. This was the shop that was featured in a scene in the film *Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner*, and they display a "still" from the film proudly in the window.

Finally, the fish restaurants which have tried to bring an air of respectability to fish and chips. **The Contented Sole** at South Kensington was first with its boatered waiters and Edwardian pianist. Now we have **Contented Plaice** in Kensington High Street, **Flanagan's** in Baker Street, and the newly opened **New Flanagan's** in High Street, Kensington.

All have a carry-out service with plaice and chips at 4s 6d. But don't be put off by the price. These are fish and chips *par excellence* and well worth the money.

How Stirling Moss made a break for it in Düsseldorf

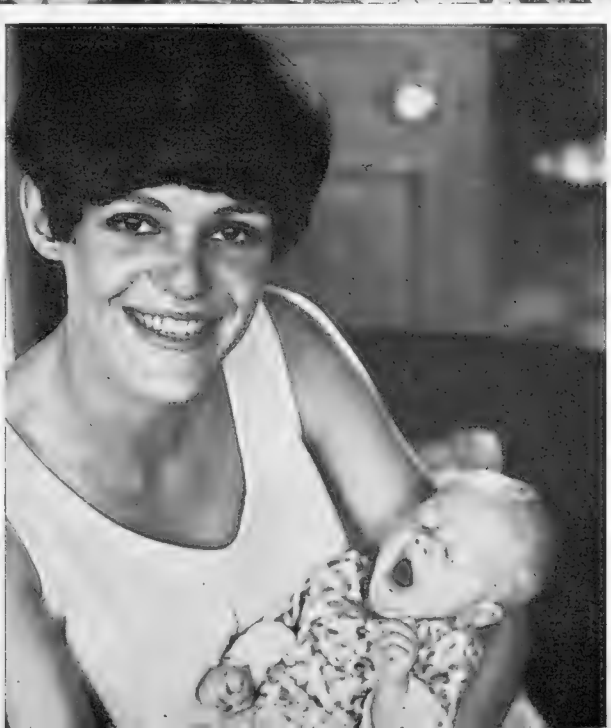
It's Stirling Moss licking a chocolate ice-cream cone in the main shopping street of Düsseldorf. Moss was in Germany for an autographing session of the big-selling German version of his book *All But My Life*. His publisher, Wolfgang Dümmer, said: "The crowds in the department store grew so fantastic at the end of the day that Stirling had to make a break for it. He dodged out of a side entrance and we found him in the street cooling off with an ice-cream."

BABIES ARE SO CUDDLESOME

Julia Fuller (right), with her four-month-old baby girl, Camilla Fleetwood, their first baby, who was born in London. Julia's husband is assistant to the director of the family brewery.

Vivienne Gabriel (below right), with her six-week-old son John Paul, photographed in their house in Hampstead. Mrs Gabriel's husband works for the P E Consulting Group. John Paul is their first baby.

Janet Whitaker (below), photographed with her two-month-old son Daniel. Mrs Whitaker works as a part-time editor for Andre Deutsch, the publishers. She is married to Mr Ben Whitaker, Labour MP for Hampstead.



Gay Firth (above), with two-month-old Caspar Michael. Her husband is a television producer, and has just written his first novel, *Tall Balding Thirty-Five,* which is coming out in July. Caspar, born in London, is their first son.

Val Goodhart (far left), wife of the Tory MP for Beckenham, Kent, with seven-week-old Daniel, who is their seventh child. The others – four girls and two boys – are between the ages of 14 years and 18 months.

Elizabeth Luard (left), with her six-week-old daughter, Poppy. She is married to Nick Luard, the publisher, and they have a son of two-and-a-half named Caspar, and a daughter, Francesca, who is one-and-a-half.

WHAT A DAY AT THE RACES

It was surely asking for trouble – combining a pop show and a motor-racing meeting. But Radio London thought it was a good idea. And Brands Hatch must have thought it was a good idea, too, because they let Radio London sponsor the meeting last week. The first sign of pending trouble came when the race commentator had to appeal to the 15,000 crowd to turn down their transistors because the frenetic sound of "Big L" was upsetting the racing enthusiasts.

I battled my way through a seething mass of 14-year-old girls to take refuge in the comparative calm of the Press box where there were some decidedly odd-looking "journalists." Three with hair down to their shoulders turned out to be Pretty Things.

The American PR man for Radio London said wasn't it a gag, the Small Faces were trapped in the Grovewood Suite, and the Walker Brothers were due in any minute by private plane.

Game for anything, I trekked across a field, and stood with a crowd of little girls peering into the sky. There was a Securicor van parked at the other end of the field but that wasn't fooling us. Sure enough, when the plane came in (screams from the girls even as it dipped through the clouds) the van drove up to our end, racing alongside the plane.

Back on the track, surprisingly, there were cars still racing. The commentator was getting a little exasperated, saying things like "And now could we get back to the motor-racing." Girls were breaking down barriers, crawling over advertising hoardings, sitting on signs warning: "Motor racing is dangerous."

Finally all racing was stopped by the RAC officials "until all these pop people get off the starting area."

It will be a long time before Brands Hatch forgets Radio London day. But as someone from Radio London said: "It gave the kids a real wow of a time." And so it did.

JOHN FARLEY

Where to hunt for the best sales bargains

It's sale time again! SHEILA FITZJONES provides the advance information sales-goers are waiting for from some of the big stores that are starting their sales this week. Choose which queues to aim for the front of to pick up a bargain that you really think is worth while.

OXFORD STREET

Marshall & Snelgrove (LAN 3000). Sale starts 9 am Thursday, 30 June, and ends 1 pm Saturday, 16 July. Shopping hours during sale: Mon-Fri 9-5.30 except Thurs, 30 June and 7 July, when open till 8, and Thurs 14 July open till 7. Half-day Saturday.

Special bargains: Summer cotton shifts from Denmark 40s; screen-printed Tricel dresses 3 guineas; model dresses from 30-35 guineas reduced to £18-£30; model coats from 21-26 guineas in Aquascutum tweeds reduced to £13-£16; jersey suits – Wolsey Lombardi down from 9-12 guineas to £5-£6; model suits in tweeds and worsteds, 22-35 guineas reduced to £14; lambswool three-pieces – skirt, jacket and sleeveless jumper – reduced from 14½ guineas to 7½ guineas. Plus excellent bargains in handbags, gloves, hats, linen and china.

John Lewis (MAY 7711). (Also **Peter Jones**, Sloane Square, and **John Barnes**, Finchley Road.) Clearance sale starts on Monday, 4 July, and will last for about two weeks.

Special bargains: Moderna "Manhattan" blankets in wide range of attractive colours usually £6 10s (90in. x 100in.) down to 84s; Jacquard weave prints in range of discontinued colours reduced from 39s 11d yard to 25s 9d. Decca DR2 19in. television set reduced from £79 16s to £64 10s; inlaid marble linoleum selling at 40 per cent. reduction – 8s 11d square yard, usually 14s 11d. Also a large selection of reduced goods in china, glass and rug departments.

D H Evans (MAY 8800). Sale starts on Thursday, 30 June, and lasts approximately two weeks. Open till 8 first day of sale.

Special bargains: 850 assorted winter and linen suits, usually 8½-14 guineas, down to £5 and £6 10s; 1,000 dresses in Terylene lawn cottons and Tricel, cocktail dresses etc, usually selling from 5-8 guineas, down to 50s; 5,000 yards Moygashel spun fabric down from 9s 11d to 5s yard; selection of full and three-quarter length dyed musquash-back coats reduced from 125 guineas to £98. Also a large selection of luggage and corsetry.

C & A. Sale at all London branches starts on Monday, 27 June, until Saturday, 9 July. Normal shopping hours. No advance information about special bargains.

REGENT STREET

Galeries Lafayette (REG 6740). Sale starts on Monday, 27 June. Usual shopping hours. No advance information about bargains, but all are genuine reductions.

Liberty's (REG 1234). Sale starts on 30 June and lasts till 16 July. Usual hours.

Special bargains: Include a Kashan Oriental carpet 13ft. 2in. x 9 ft. 5in. reduced from £330 to £252; Afghan carpet 13ft. 7in. x 10ft. 3in. from £245 to £196; goatskin rugs from £8 5s to £7 10s; men's two-piece suits from £29 10s to £24; women's cashmere twin sets, £12 19s 6d to £8 15s; Liberty silk blouses from 7 guineas to £4; model evening dresses £54 to £25; Liberty printed lawns 11s 6d to 6s yard, wool from 27s 6d to 17s 6d, and silks 35s 9d to 15s. Good reductions in glass and china departments.

Dickins & Jones (REG 7070). Sale starts Thursday, 30 June, and lasts approximately a fortnight. Open on first day from 9 am-8 pm.

Special bargains: Include 750 dresses at £2, 500 coats from £5, and 300 suits from £3 – most are half their original price; good bargains in fabric department – screen printed nylon chiffon down from 13s 11d to 6s 11d; Swiss patterned cottons from 10s 11d to 5s 11d. Also excellent reductions in knitting wools and hosiery.

PICCADILLY

Fortnum & Mason (REG 8040). Sale starts Saturday, 2 July, finishes 9 July. Normal shopping hours.

Special bargains to look out for are in the model fashions departments and in ladies' shoes.

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD

Heals (MUS 1666). Sale is from Wednesday, 29 June, until Saturday, 9 July. Usual shopping hours.

Special bargains: Include monogram electric overblankets, double size, down from 13 to 10 guineas; slightly imperfect printed cotton furnishing fabrics down from 15s 11d and 13s 11d to 6s 11d, and those from 24s 11d and 18s 11d down to 8s 11d; chrome plated copper kettles down from 35 15s to £3 15s; seconds in Contrast pottery by Midwinter reduced by 33⅓ per cent. – e.g., 31-piece dinner set from £11 2s 9d to £7 15s 2d. Borge Mogensen gate-leg, drop-leaf oak dining tables, 47in. wide and extending from 28in. to 70in., from £79 down to £35; nursery chests from £28 10s to £15; Tappan cookers from £157 10s to £115; and Westinghouse dishwashers reduced to £195 to £130.

SHOES

Elliotts (all London branches). Sale starts on 29 June for a fortnight. It will be a half-price sale with drastic reductions of many shoes in current stock. Also look out for German Skai fabric handbags (claimed to wear better than leather) – small Gladstone type bags with lock and key in black, brown and beige. These came in too late for the season and are being put on sale at 49s instead of 4½ guineas.

Dolcis. West End and City branches sales start on 30 June suburban branches mostly on 21 July. Half-price sale – but mainly last season's stock.

In LONDON LIFE next week we'll be showing photographs of some more exciting bargains that will be in shops starting their sales from 5 July.

This is a Shaggy Dog picture

Retrieving, they call it. That's when someone throws a stick or a ball and then expects me to run after it, pick it up and bring it back, laying it lovingly at their feet. I don't mind, really. I like romping about chasing things. But, you see, the whole point is that it's good for *them* – the blokes that throw the sticks. It gives them something to think about, enables them to show what a mighty arm they've got and how far they can throw. It also bolsters their feeling of superiority and enables them to tell their friends about my obedience and cleverness. It's a bit humiliating for me, I suppose, and sometimes I tease them along – you know, by pretending to lose the stick, or by dropping it too far away from them. And there's another great trick I play – that's dropping the stick and then, when they bend down to pick it up, I grab it again myself and run off a little. But I don't do this too often. Because, you see, I enjoy the petting and food I receive for performing these little tricks. Now this is one of my holiday snaps. It was taken by some American chap called John Benton Harris. I wish I'd been able to take a picture of him at the time. . . . There he was, up to his ankles in water, running backwards and trying to keep his camera dry. But it's rather fun, don't you think. And *different*, that's the main thing. People think they're being so witty when they throw sticks into the sea for me – but it makes a change and I don't mind a paddle now and then, especially when it's sunny. And I can have a ball shaking all over people. A dog's life – even a Shaggy Dog's – has its compensations.

THEATRE

FIRST FIVE: 1 The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie. 2 Hello, Dolly! 3 The Anniversary. 4 Come Spy With Me. 5 There's a Girl in My Soup.

There's a certain play that crops up regularly every few years. Sometimes it's called *The Moon is Blue*, sometimes *The Seven Year Itch*, sometimes *Any Wednesday*. It sets out to prove that a middle-aged man and a young girl can have perfectly jolly sexual relations, but ultimately their two worlds collide and force separation. This year's version is English, and called, tortuously, *There's a Girl in My Soup*. Briefly: middle-aged, glamorous cookery journalist picks up sharp little Chelsea bird; they enjoy an illicit fortnight in the sun, return to London and part.

We may have been through it all before, but this happens to be a very good example of the *genre;* the writing is crisp, witty and well-paced. It is, however, clear that the author, Terence Frisby, is interested only in the meeting and the parting. The second scene of the play is probably

Michael Codron plans to produce "Public and Confidential," a play that Benn Levy has written for Mrs Levy, Constance Cummings.

the best, with the girl very much on guard, the man finding his confidence in old routines gradually diminishing. Despite amusing interpolations from the elegant Jill Melford and from Anthony Sagar, as, respectively, an ex-mistress and flat porter, the second act sags into empty gestures, to revive again for the parting sequence. But there is enough to keep the audience continually simmering with laughter.

The set by Hutchinson Scott is designed to give every bachelor in the audience a leap of envy and every married man a twinge of regret, with its spectacular kitchen and its demonstration of the simplest method of making the couch-to-bed routine inevitable.

There is definitely a place in the West End for this play, but in any case the acting would rate it high. Donald Sinden is effortless in his confidence and conceit, ever poised on one foot, the fingers of one hand rubbing the palm as a new skirt appears on the scene. As the bird, that totally delicious actress Barbara Ferris captures the superficial hardness of the mini-skirted dolly – which quickly cracks to reveal sweetness, tenderness and genuine youthful exuberance beneath. Jon Pertwee is excellent if curiously restrained. He plays the magazine editor, which the author has created from no known model – he is uxorious, patient, kind and nurses his columnist like a child.

j roger baker

WEST END

openings

Th 30 June: **BREAD AND BUTTER,** Jeanetta Cochrane Theatre, Holborn, WC1 (CHA 7040). Author: Cecil P Taylor. Dir: Michael Geliot. Cast: Eveline Garrett, Bernard Goldman, Patricia Leventon, David Graham. 7.0. Cont: 7.45

M 4 July: **WHEN DID YOU LAST SEE MY MOTHER?** Comedy Theatre, Panton Street. Author: Christopher Hampton. Dir: Robert Kidd. Stars: Gwen Watford, Victor Henry, Julian Holloway. Production without décor from the Royal Court Theatre of a play about homosexuality. For three weeks only

T 5 July: **STRIKE A LIGHT,** Piccadilly Theatre, opposite Regent Palace Hotel, W1 (GER 4506). Authors: Joyce Adcock/Gordon Caleb. Dir: Ross Taylor. Cast: Evelyn Laye, Jeannie Carson, John Fraser, Josephine Blake

W 6 July: **THE KING'S MARE,** Garrick, Charing Cross Road, WC2 (TEM 4601). Author: Jean Canolle. Adapted by: Anita Loos. Dir: Peter Coe. Cast: Glynis Johns, Keith Michell, Sidney Tafler, Michael Gwynn, Jane Merrow

current

ALIBI FOR A JUDGE, Savoy, Strand, WC2 (TEM 8888). Authors: Felicity Douglas, Hency Cecil. Dir: Hugh Goldie. Stars: Andrew Cruickshank, Colin Gordon, Elvi Hale. High Court judge gets involved with the pretty wife of a man he has sent down. 8.0 (ends 10.20). W: 2.30 (ends 4.50). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.20). Opened 4 August 1965. From 4 July Allan Sherman. Late night show: 10.45 (ends midnight)

THE ANNIVERSARY, Duke of York's, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (TEM 5122). Author: Bill MacIlwraith. Dir: Patrick Dromgoole. Evil mother and terrified family. Comedy. Cast: Michael Crawford, Sheila Hancock, Jack Hedley, June Ritchie, Mona Washbourne. 8.0 (ends 10.15). Sat: 5.30 (ends 7.45); 8.30 (ends 10.45). W Mat: 3.0 (ends 5.15). Opened 20 Apr 1966

In London at last: Jeannie Carson in "Strike a Light."

ARSENIC & OLD LACE, Vaudeville, Strand, WC2 (TEM 4871). Author: Joseph Kesselring. Dir: Murray Macdonald. Revival of a classic black comedy. Cast: Sybil Thorndike, Athene Seyler, Richard Briers, Desmond Walter-Ellis. 8.0 (ends 10.20). W: 2.45 (ends 5.5). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.20). Opened 23 Feb 1966

BEYOND THE FRINGE 1965, May Fair, May Fair Hotel, Stratton Street, W1 (MAY 3036). Authors: Alan Bennett, Peter Cook, Jonathan Miller, Dudley Moore. Dir: David Phethean. Stars: John Dryden, Bill Hepper, Peter Honri, Peter Baldwin. The material has almost an historical interest now. 8.40 (ends 10.50). Th & Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.10). Opened 15 Apr 1964

BLACK & WHITE MINSTREL SHOW, Victoria Palace, Victoria Street, SW1 (VIC 1317). Dir: George Inns. Stars: George Mitchell Minstrels with Don Arrol, Neville King, Dai Francis, John Boulter, Tony Mercer. Songs and dances cease only for interludes of comedy. 6.15 (ends 8.20); 8.45 (ends 10.50). Opened 15 May 1962

BOEING-BOEING, Duchess, Catherine Street, WC2 (TEM 8243). Author: Marc Camoletti (translated by Beverley Cross). Dir: Jack Minster. Stars: Nicholas Parsons, Simon Merrick. Three girls, two boys, seven doors . . . permutations endless. 8.0 (ends 10.10). W: 2.45 (ends 4.50). Sat: 5.15 (ends 7.20). Opened 20 Feb 1962

Black comedy: Jack Hedley in "The Anniversary."

CHARLIE GIRL, Adelphi, Strand, WC2 (TEM 7611). Book by Hugh and Margaret Williams. Music and lyrics by David Heneker and John Taylor. Dir: Wallace Douglas. Cast: Sheila Mathews, Joe Brown, Hy Hazell. The stately homes racket receives gentle satire with romantic interest, songs and dancing. 7.30 (ends 10.0). Th: 3.0 (ends 5.30). Sat: 5.30 (ends 8.0); 8.30 (ends 11.0). Opened 15 Dec 1965

COME INTO THE GARDEN MAUD and **SHADOWS OF THE EVENING,** Queen's, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (REG 1166). Author: Noël Coward. Dir: Vivian Matalon. Contrasting double bill. Cast: Noël Coward, Lilli Palmer, Irene Worth. T, F & Sat: 8.0 (ends 10.30). Th: 2.30 (ends 5.0). Opened 25 Apr 1966. Ends 30 July

COME SPY WITH ME, Whitehall, Trafalgar Square, SW1 (WHI 6692). Music and Lyrics: Brian Blackburn. Dir: Ned Sherrin. Stars: Danny La Rue, Barbara Windsor, Biff McGuire, Richard Wattis. 8.0 (ends 10.30). Sat: 5.30 (ends 8.0); 8.30 (ends 11.0). Opened 31 May 1966

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA, Comedy, Panton Street, SW1 (WHI 2578). Author: G B Shaw. Dir: Laurier Lister. Stars: Max Adrian, Eleanor Bron, Griffith Jones, George Merritt, John Woodvine, Barry Justice. 7.45 (ends 10.10). W Mat: 2.30 (ends 4.55). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.25); 8.15 (ends 10.40). Opened 2 June 1966. Ends 2 July

A FRIEND INDEED, Cambridge Theatre, Earlham Street, WC2 (TEM 6056). Author: William Douglas-Home. Dir: Jack Minster. Diplomatic carryings-on in Rome. Cast: David Tomlinson, David Hutcheson. 8.0 (ends 10.10). Th Mat: 2.45 (ends 5.0). Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.10); 8.30 (ends 10.40). Opened 27 Apr 1966

FUNNY GIRL, Prince of Wales, Coventry Street, W1 (WHI 8681). Lyrics: Bob Merrill. Music: Jule Styne. From the book by Isobel Lennart. Dir: Lawrence Kasha. Fanny Brice revealed. Cast: Barbra Streisand (Sat: 8.0 Lisa Shane), Michael Craig. 8.0 (ends 10.30.) Sat: 3.0 (ends 5.20). Opened 13 Apr 1966. Ends 16 July

HELLO, DOLLY! Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, WC2 (TEM 8108). Adapted by Michael Stuart from Thornton Wilder's play *The Matchmaker*. Music: Jerry Herman. Dir and choreographer: Gower Champion. A grand illusion. Cast: Dora Bryan, Bernard Spear. 7.30 (ends 10.0). W & Sat: 2.30 (ends 5.0). Opened 2 Dec 1965

AN IDEAL HUSBAND, Strand, Aldwych, WC2 (TEM 4143). Author: Oscar Wilde. Dir: James Roose Evans. *Fin de siècle* morality among the Wildest epigrams. Cast: Margaret Lockwood, Richard Todd, Michael Denison, Dulcie Gray, Ursula Jeans, Roger Livesey, Perlita Nelson. 7.30 (ends 10.0). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.30); 8.30 (ends 11.0). Th: 3.0 (ends 5.30). Opened 16 Dec 1965. Ends 23 July at this theatre. Transfer possible

THE KILLING OF SISTER GEORGE, St Martin's, West Street, off Cambridge Circus, WC2 (TEM 1443). Author: Frank Marcus. Dir: Val May. Stars: Beryl Reid, Lally Bowers, Eileen Atkins. From 4 July: Hermione Baddeley, Andrée Melly, Ambrosine Phillpotts. Lesbian radio actress loses her part and her lover. 8.0 (ends 10.25). Sat: 5.30 (ends 7.55); 8.30 (ends 11.0). W: 3.0 (ends 5.25). Opened 17 June 1965

LET'S GET A DIVORCE, Mermaid, Puddle Dock, Blackfriars, EC4 (CIT 7656). Authors: Sardou and Najac. English version: Angela and Robert Goldsby. Dir: Robert Midgley. Stars: Fenella Fielding, Hugh Paddick, Barry Foster. Tue-Sat: 6.10 (ends 8.20); 8.40 (ends 10.50). Opened 2 June. Ends 23 July. Transfer possible

LONDON LAUGHS, London Palladium, Argyll Street, W1 (GER 7373). Choreographer: Douglas Squires. Dir: Robert Nesbit. Cast: Harry Secombe, Jimmy Tarbuck. 6.15 (ends 8.30); 8.45 (ends 11.0). Sat Mat: 2.40 (ends 5.30). Opened 6 May 1966

Lilli Palmer is in "Shadows of the Evening."

MAN & SUPERMAN, Garrick, Charing Cross Road, WC2 (TEM 4601). Author: G B Shaw. Dir: Philip Wiseman. Battle of the Sexes. Cast: Alan Badel, Sian Phillips, June Thorburn, John Robinson, Marie Löhr, Terence Rigby. 7.45 (ends 10.30). Th & Sat: 3.0 (ends 5.45). Opened 23 Nov 1965. Ends 2 July

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, New Shakespeare Company, Open-air Theatre, Regent's Park, NW1 (HUN 1813). Author: Shakespeare. Dir: Michael Meacham. Stars: Russell Hunter, Caroline Blakiston, Louise Breslin, Edgar Wreford, John Turner, John Warner. 7.45 (ends 10.30). W, Th & Sat Mats: 2.30 (ends 5.15). Opened 6 June 1966

Beryl Reid in "The Killing of Sister George."

THE MOUSETRAP, Ambassadors, West Street, off Cambridge Circus, WC2 (TEM 1171). Author: Agatha Christie. After 14 years still a mystery. Dir: D Ramsden. Cast: John Cobner, Diana Scougall. 8.0 (ends 10.30). T: 2.45 (ends 5.10). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.30); 8.0 (ends 10.30). Opened 25 Nov 1952

OLIVER! New Theatre, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (TEM 3878). Composer: Lionel Bart. Dir: Peter Coe. Stars: Aubrey Woods, Nicolette Roeg, Peter Bartlett. Dickens's London brought to musical life. 7.45 (ends 10.15). T & Sat: 4.30 (ends 6.50). Opened 30 June 1960

ON THE LEVEL, Saville, Shaftesbury Avenue, WC2 (TEM 4011). Author: Ronald Millar. Music by Ron Grainger. Dir: Wendy Toye. GCE gets groovy. Cast: Barrie Ingham, Angela Richards, Gary Bond. 7.45 (ends 10.20). Wed Mat: 2.45 (ends 5.20). Sat: 5.30 (ends 8.5); 8.30 (ends 11.5). Opened 19 Apr 1966

John Cobner is the detective in "The Mousetrap."

ON THE WAGON, Mermaid, Puddle Dock, Blackfriars, EC4 (CIT 7656). Dir: Julius Gellner. Cast: Bernard Miles. Mon only: 8.40 (ends 11.0). Opened 6 Jan 1966. Ends 4 July

OUT FROM UNDER, ORANGE SOUFFLE & THE WEN, Fortune, Russell Street, WC2 (TEM 2238). Three one-act plays. Author: Saul Bellow. Dir: Charles Marowitz. Cast: Miriam Karlin, Harry Towb. 7.45. Opened 26 May 1966

THE OWL AND THE PUSSYCAT, Criterion, Piccadilly Circus, W1 (WHI 3216). Author: Bill Manhoff. Dir: Shirley Butler. Pretty girl versus intellectual man. Cast: Diana Sands, Anton Rodgers. 8.15 (ends 10.35). Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.15); 8.45 (ends 11.0). Wed: 3.0 (ends 5.15). Opened 2 Mar 1966

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE, Arts Theatre Club, Great Newport Street, WC2 (TEM 3334). Adapted from Jane Austen's classic by James Liggatt and Robert Sheaf. Dir: David Phethean. Stars: Jack Allen, Terence Longdon, Petra Davies, Peter Myers. 8.0. Sat: 5.30, 8.30. Opened 14 June 1966. Ends 2 July

THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE, Wyndham's Theatre, Charing Cross Road (TEM 3028). Adapted by Joy Presson Allen from the novel by Muriel Spark. Dir: Peter Wood. Schoolmistress of decided idiosyncrasy. Cast: Vanessa Redgrave, Andrew Crawford, William Squire, Dorothy Reynolds. 8.0 (ends 10.15). W Mat: 3.0 (ends 5.15). Sat: 5.45 (ends 8.0); 8.30 (ends 10.45). Opened 5 May 1966

ROBERT & ELIZABETH, Lyric, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (GER 3686). Composer: Ron Grainger. Book: Ronald Millar. Dir: Wendy Toye. Stars: Donald Wolfit, Jane Fyffe, Kevin Colson. The Barretts of Wimpole Street get the song and dance treatment. 7.30 (ends 10.25). Th & Sat: 2.30 (ends 5.25). Opened 20 Oct 1964

Chirpy Joe Brown stars in "Charlie Girl."

SAY WHO YOU ARE, Her Majesty's, Haymarket, SW1 (WHI 6606). Authors: Keith Waterhouse and Willis Hall. Dir: Shirley Butler. Stars: Ian Carmichael, Patrick Cargill, Dilys Laye, Jan Holden. Sophisticated farce. M-Th: 8.15 (ends 10.25). F & Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.10); 8.45 (ends 10.55). Opened 14 Oct 1965

SONG AT TWILIGHT, Queen's, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (REG 1166). Author: Noël Coward. Dir: Vivian Matalon. Skeletons rattle in elderly author's cupboard. Cast: Noël Coward, Lilli Palmer, Irene Worth. M, W & Th: 8.0 (ends 10.30). Sat Mat: 2.30 (ends 5.0). Opened 14 Apr 1966. Ends 30 July

THE SOUND OF MUSIC, Palace, Cambridge Circus, W1 (GER 6834). Composers: Rodgers and Hammerstein. Book: Lindsay and Crouse. Dir: Jerome Whyte. Stars: Sonia Rees, Eunice Gayson, Donald Scott. Nazi invasion in the background; sweetness to the fore. 7.30 (ends 10.10). W & Sat: 2.30 (ends 5.5). Opened 18 May 1961

SPRING & PORT WINE, Apollo, Shaftesbury Avenue (GER 2663). Author: Bill Naughton. Dir: Allan Davis. Cast: Alfred Marks, Ruth Dunning. A heavy Lancastrian father has a rebellious family on his hands. 8.0 (ends 10.15). Th & Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.15); 8.40 (ends 10.55). Opened 19 Nov 1965

THERE'S A GIRL IN MY SOUP, Globe, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (GER 1592). Author: Terence Frisby. Dir: Robert Chetwyn. Cast: Donald Sinden, Barbara Ferris, Jon Pertwee. 8.15. Fri & Sat: 6.0, 8.45. Opened 15 June 1966

YOU NEVER CAN TELL, Theatre Royal, Haymarket, SW1 (WHI 9832). Author: G B Shaw. The new woman and old-fashioned values. Dir: Glen Byam Shaw. Cast: Sir Ralph Richardson, Jack Gwillim, Avice Landon, Keith Baxter. 7.45 (ends 10.30). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.45); 8.15 (ends 11.0). W: 2.30 (ends 5.15). Opened 12 Jan 1966

REPERTORY

ENGLISH STAGE COMPANY, Royal Court Theatre, Sloane Square, SW1 (SLO 1745). M 4-W 6 July: THE VOYSEY INHERITANCE. Author: Harley Granville Barker. Dir: Jane Howell. Cast: Sebastian Shaw, Gwen Nelson, Avril Elgar, Jeffrey Wickham. 7.30 (ends 10.35)

ROYAL SHAKESPEARE COMPANY, Aldwych Theatre, The Strand, WC2 (TEM 6404). Th 30 June, Sat 2 & W 6 July: DAYS IN THE TREES. Author: Marguerite Duras. Dir: John Schlesinger. Cast: Peggy Ashcroft, George Baker, Frances Cuka. 8.0 (ends 10.5)

F 1, Sat 2, M 4, T 5 July: TANGO. Author: Slawomir Mrozek. Dir: Trevor Nunn. Cast: Dudley Sutton, Pauline Jameson, Peter Jeffrey, Mike Pratt, Patience Collier, Robert Eddison, Ursula Mohan. 8.0 (ends 10.15). Sat: 2.30 (ends 4.45)

OUT OF TOWN

CHICHESTER FESTIVAL THEATRE, Sussex (OCH3 86333). Th 30 June, F 1, Sat 2, M 4, W 6 July: THE CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE. Authors: George Colman, David Garrick. Dir: Desmond O'Donovan. Cast: Alastair Sim, Margaret Rutherford, Bill Fraser, Ann Beach, Sarah Badel. 7.0. Th: 2.0

Th 30 June, Sat 2, T 5 July: THE FIGHTING COCK. Author: Jean Anouilh. Dir: Norman Marshall. Cast: John Clements, Zena Walker, Sarah Badel, Michael Aldridge, Bill Fraser, Clive Swift, John Standing. 7.0. Sat: 2.0

ROYAL SHAKESPEARE COMPANY, Stratford - upon - Avon; Warks (OST9 2271). Th 30 June, Sat 2, T 5 July: HAMLET. Author: Shakespeare. Dir: Peter Hall. Cast: David Warner, Elizabeth Spriggs, Brewster Mason, Estelle Kohler, Tony Church, Michael Jayston. 7.30. Th: 2.0

Th 30 June, F 1 & W 6 July: TWELFTH NIGHT. Author: Shakespeare. Dir: Clifford Williams. Cast: Diana Rigg, Estelle Kohler, Patsy Byrne, Ian Holm, David Warner. 7.30. M Mat: 2.0

Sat 2 & M 4 July: HENRY IV PART I. Author: Shakespeare. Dir. John Barton with Trevor Nunn, Clifford Williams. Sat: 2.0. M: 7.30

YVONNE ARNAUD THEATRE, Millbrook, Guildford, Surrey (OGU3 60191). DANCE OF DEATH. Author: Strindberg. Dir: Alexander Doré. Cast: Oscar Homolka, Joan Tetzel, Robert Urquhart. 7.45. Th Mat: 2.30. Sat: 5.0, 8.0

NEW BOOKS

The fourteenth James Bond book is published this week by Jonathan Cape, *Octopussy and The Living Daylights* (10s 6d). Written by Ian Fleming in 1961 and 1962, and originally intended to form a second collection of Bond short stories to be written at the same time as the longer ones (the first collection, *For Your Eyes Only*, appeared in 1959), the book consists of only two stories – short, throwaway and inimitable.

In the first – Jamaica, poisonous fish, gold, violence – there are only a few pages of a scarcely recognisable Bond, filling in time between missions, and bent on avenging his ski instructor. But the tension and Fleming's particular brand of worldliness are there. In the second story there is more Bond, scrambled eggs, Berlin, marksmanship, a girl – and, as an interesting postscript to recent criticism, Bond's humanity instead of his ruthlessness is stressed. Addicts will groan that these morsels only serve to emphasise how miserably many imitators fail, and how the films don't quite catch the flavour.

A new young novelist, Angela Carter, has her first novel published this week, *Shadow Dance* (Heinemann, 21s). It is told, with ruthless perception and humour, from the point of view of a young man called Morris, who wants to escape from his surroundings and all the people he knows – the extraordinary friend with whom he shares an antique and junk shop and who is mad, full of jokes, perhaps homosexual; the beautiful, but hideously scarred girl they have both loved; the matter-of-fact girl who gets pregnant; and his wife Edna, whose martyred love he can only hope to divert on to a kitten or another man – to escape to "a world where there was black and there was white, but no shadows."

From Penguin Books on 30 June, among a list of publications to mark the school holidays and to instruct school leavers on finding careers, comes another relentless, uninvolved, and in this case bitter and moralistic story by Muriel Spark, *The Girls of Slender Means* (3s 6d). Her devotees say that this is one of her most charitable, if not one of her most brilliant, books – but it seems to admire none of "the girls of slender means," who reside in the May of Teck Club in 1945, talking of men and clothing coupons, poets and a vague conversion, until they are surprised by the sick joke and the incongruous death. Doesn't Muriel Spark like anyone?

carole d'albiac

FILMS

FIRST FIVE. 1 Cul-de-Sac. 2 Tom Jones. 3 Exterminating Angel. 4 The Glass Bottom Boat. 5 The Rare Breed.

In the old West, so we were constantly told until it became a cliché, men were men and women were women. Things have been running steadily downhill since then, and, what with cardboard buildings in Main Street, cramped sets, limp scripts and careless acting, hardly anything is what it used to be in Abilene.

One director taking great pains to try and redress the balance is Andrew V McLaglen, who made the magnificent *Shenandoah*. His new Western, *The Rare Breed* (U, Leicester Square Theatre, 29 June) strengthens his reputation for creating warm, human characters and genuine wide-open spaces atmosphere, without being quite as heart-breakingly good as its predecessor.

His star is again James Stewart, a cowhand looking for a dream. Gradually, unwillingly at first, Stewart acquires a fanatical belief in the potential of one Hereford breed bull, brought to America by Englishwoman Maureen O'Hara – prissy to the exact degree – and her daughter (Juliet Mills). Miss Mills, here

Bryan Forbes is to direct Michael Caine in "Deadfall."

better than ever before, is the perfect illustration of McLaglen's knack of bringing out the best in his actors.

Stewart, blue eyes blazing with determination, especially when searching in a blizzard for the Hereford – a winning animal by the name of Vindicator – is ideally matched by Brian Keith's red-bearded, extravagantly Scots-accented rancher who has a whisky bottle in his bath instead of a cake of soap. And Jack Elam's bit-part villain sticks in the mind long after he is rather precipitously killed off.

The Blue Max (A, Odeon, Leicester Square, 30 June) isn't war, it's entertainment. With that proviso safely out of the way, we can award a medal to director John Guillermin and his cameramen on as riveting, bloody and thoroughly convincing series of the First World War aerial dog fights as we're ever likely to see, to which a throbbing music score gives additional excitement.

Perhaps Guillermin's utter concentration on such conviction explains why his ground scenes are so unworthy in comparison. A flat, say-nothing screenplay leaves the actors with far too much ground to make up to prevent the 155 minutes of this epic from going into a spin and crashing ultimately into tedium. And was there no mud around in 1918?

david quinlan

OPENING

THE BLUE MAX (A). George Peppard plays an ambitious and unscrupulous young German flier, prepared to do anything to gain the Blue Max, the most coveted medal the Kaiser's air force can gain. A certain winner with aviation fanatics. (James Mason, Ursula Andress. Dir: John Guillermin. Col. 155 min). *Odeon Leicester Square*. WHI 6111. Invitation première 30 June. 8 pm. Open to the public 1 July

SHE & HE (U). Susumu Hani, a Japanese director of the younger generation, attempts to show us something of the quality of life in present-day Japan. The husband is played by Eiji Okada, and his wife by Sachiko Hidari, who gives a thoroughly mannered performance, The shaking, hand-held camerawork is rather distracting. (115 min.) *Academy One, Oxford Street*. GER 2981. With: *Rembrandt's Christ* (U). Opens 30 June.

LT ROBIN CRUSOE, USN (U). A Walt Disney attempt at an up-to-date version of Defoe, directed by Byron Paul, in which Dick Van Dyke finds himself marooned on a desert island. Akim Tamiroff plays a head-hunting chief, and Nancy Kwan his lovely, spear-wielding daughter. There is little that is genuinely amusing in this long-drawn-out piece. (Col. 114 min.) *Studio One, Oxford Street*. GER 3300. Opens 1 July

WEST END

AROUND THE WORLD UNDER THE SEA (U). A big-scale underwater adventure. Acting plays second fiddle to special efforts, but Metrocolor photography is good. (Lloyd Bridges, Shirley Eaton, David McCallum. Col. 111 min.) *Ritz, Leicester Square* GER 1234. 1.39, 4.4, 6.29, 8.45. Sat: Late Show 11.29. Sun: 3.44, 6.09, 8.34

BATTLE OF THE BULGE (A). Modern warfare effectively shown as the stuff of Cinerama. (Henry Fonda, Robert Shaw, Pier Angeli Col. 163 min.) *Coliseum, St Martin's Lane*. TEM 3161. 2.30, 8.0. Sat: 2.0, 5.20, 8.45, 11.55. Sun: 4.0, 7.30

CUL-DE-SAC (X). Roman Polanski turns a deft hand to black comedy. Donald Pleasence plays a pathetic middle-aged man and Françoise Dorleac his bored and flighty young wife. Holy Island provides magnificent location shots. (Lionel Stander. 111 min.) *Cameo-Poly, Upper Regent Street*. LAN 1744. Pgm: 1.0, 3.25, 5.50, 8.15. Sun: 3.30, 5.55, 8.20

DARLING . . . (X). The director, John Schlesinger, attempts to lay bare the decadence of contemporary life, and succeeds only in misplaced, rather aimless bitterness. (Julie Christie, Dirk Bogarde, Laurence Harvey. 127 min.) *Windmill, Great Windmill Street*. GER 7413. 1.0, 3.33, 6.8, 8.45. Sat: Late Show 11.0. Sun: 4.0, 6.33, 9.8

DOCTOR ZHIVAGO (A). The long-awaited production of Boris Pasternak's novel. Omar Sharif is Yuri Zhivago and Julie Christie unforgettable as Lara. Good entertainment. (Geraldine Chaplin, Tom Courtenay, Alec Guinness. Col. 193 min.) *Empire, Leicester Square*. GER 1234. 2.30, 7.30. Sat only: 11.30 pm. Sun: 3.0, 7.30

DUEL AT DIABLO (A). A frontier western with a vein of brutality in a familiar theme: the conflict between the white man and the Indian. James Garner plays a squaw-man and Sidney Poitier is a horse-breaker (Bibi Andersson. Bill Travers. Col. 104 min.) *London Pavilion, Piccadilly Circus*. GER 2982. With: *Boy, Did I Get a Wrong Number!* (U). Pgm: 11.45, 3.20, 7.5. Sun: 3.25, 7.5

EXTERMINATING ANGEL (X). Luis Buñuel's masterly and disquietening film, about a group of rich and elegant people, who gather for a dinner party and find that they are unable to leave, for no rational reason, when it ends. (Silvia Pinal, Augusto Benedico. B & W. 90 min.) *Academy Two, Oxford Street*. GER 5129. With: *The Crime of M Lange* (A). Pgm: 1.55, 5.0, 8.10. Sun: 4.30, 7.40

THE GLASS BOTTOM BOAT (U). Doris Day, this time as a widow, in a frenzied comedy about a space laboratory. Director, Frank Tashlin, tries hard to be funny, and quite often carries it off; transvestite jokes, ingenious gadgetry, hectic chases and all! (Col. 110 min.) *Carlton, Haymarket*. WHI 3711. 1.5, 3.40, 6.15, 8.40 (Sat only: 11.55). Sun: 3.40, 6.15, 8.40. *Jacey, Marble Arch*. MAY 6396. 11.52, 2.8, 4.24, 6.40, 8.56. Sun: 4.24, 6.40, 8.56

THE GREAT RACE (U). Extravagant slapstick comedy involving a car race from New York to Paris, via Siberia, with Jack Lemmon as the villain and Tony Curtis as the spoof hero. Determined to be a lot of fun, it merely proves conclusively that Cinerama and comedy don't mix. (Col. 153 min.) *Astoria, Charing Cross Road*. GER 5385. 2.30, 8.0. Sun: 4.0, 8.0. Ends 6 July

JOHN F KENNEDY – YEARS OF LIGHTNING, DAY OF DRUMS (U). Documentary on the life of the late American president. Commentary by Gregory Peck. (85 min.) *Curzon, Curzon Street*. GRO 3737. 2.35, 4.45, 7.0, 9.20 (Sat only: 11.35 pm). Sun: 4.5, 6.22, 8.35

KHARTOUM (U). Colossal battle scenes and an all-star cast, have been added to strict historical accuracy. Charlton Heston plays General Gordon and Laurence Olivier is the Mahdi. (Ralph Richardson, Richard Johnson. Col. Cinerama. 130 min.) *Casino, Old Compton Street*, W1. GER 6877. 2.30, 7.45. Sat: 2.0, 5.20, 8.40, 11.45. Sun: 4.30, 7.50

LOST COMMAND (A). Action-packed, bloodthirsty story of fighting in Algeria. Entertaining, if somewhat overlong. George Segal confirms the good impression he made in *King Rat*. (Anthony Quinn, Alain Delon, Claudia Cardinale. Dir: Mark Robson. Col. 130 min.) *Columbia, Shaftesbury Avenue*. REG 5414. 12.55, 3.25, 6.0, 8.35. Sat: Late Show 11.30. Sun: 3.30, 6.0, 8.35

MEDITERRANEAN HOLIDAY (U). German Cinerama semi-documentary, about a party of seacadets who sail aboard a Swedish three-master to Portugal, Egypt and Yugoslavia. A long voyage. Narrator: Burl Ives. (Col. Cinerama. 115 min.) *Royalty, Kingsway*, WC2. HOL 8004. 2.30, 8.0. Sun: 5.0, 8.0

MODESTY BLAISE (A). Joseph Losey's first excursion into strip cartoon cinema, elegantly mounted and directed with great flair. Monica Vitti is a surprisingly animated Modesty and Dirk Bogarde superb as the arch-villain. (Terence Stamp. Col. 120 min.) *Rialto, Coventry Street*. GER 3488. 1.15, 3.40, 6.10, 8.40. Sat late show: 11.15. Sun: 3.25, 5.55, 8.25

MORGAN – A SUITABLE CASE FOR TREATMENT (A). Morgan Delt (David Warner), a gentle confused dreamer, a failed artist, abandoned by his wife, has a strange affinity with gorillas, and escapes from reality with fantasies of Tarzan and King Kong. (Vanessa Redgrave. 97 min.) *Berkeley, Tottenham Court Road*. MUS 8150. 2.35, 5.45, 8.45. Sun: 5.45, 8.45. With: *Devil Doll* (X)

MY FAIR LADY (U). Rex Harrison carries the film along with commanding style, with Audrey Hepburn as a spirited, though rather inadequate, Liza. Great vitality, but played a little too safe. (Stanley Holloway, Wilfrid Hyde White. Col. Super-Panavision. 185 min.) *Warner, Leicester Square*, W1. GER 3423. 2.30, 7.45. Sat: 2.30, 7.45, 11.45. Sun: 3.0, 7.15. Ends 6 July

THE OSCAR (X). This apparently daring exposé of Hollywood and its system of awards turns out to be a thinly disguised exploitation of both. (Stephen Boyd, Elke Sommer. Col. 121 min.) *Plaza, Piccadilly Circus*. WHI 8944. 12.30, 2.1 5.15, 8.0. Sat late show: 11.0. Su 2.30, 4.55, 7.45. Ends 6 July

OTHELLO (U). Faithful record of the National Theatre production with Laurence Olivier giving a performance that salutes greatness as the Moor. (Maggie Smith, Frank Finlay. Col. 170 min.) *Odeon, Haymarket*. WHI 2738. 2.30, 7.30. Sat: 12.30, 4.5, 7.45. Sun: 4.30, 6.0

THE RARE BREED (U). A genial western, centring round Vindicator, a hornless Hereford, who, arrives in America at the turn of the century to be used for breeding purposes. James Stewart, as a grizzled ranch hand, and Brian Keith, an eccentric, beef-buying Scot, provide some comedy relief to a sentimental evening. (Maureen O'Hara. Col. 97 min.) *Leicester Square Theatre*. WHI 5252

SOUND OF MUSIC (U). Hosts of singing nuns and children. Christopher Plummer is the somewhat authoritarian father of the brood: Julie Andrews another wholesome governess. (Peggy Wood, Eleanor Parker. Col. Todd-AO. 170 min.) *Dominion, Tottenham Court Road*, W1. MUS 2176. 2.30, 8.0. Sun: 4.30, 8.0

THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES (U). A slender pretext for collecting together a whole host of international stars for an air race between London and Paris. There are some good shots of early aeroplanes, but little or no feeling for comic effect. (Terry-Thomas, Sarah Miles, Robert Morley, Gert Frobe, Stuart Whitman, James Fox, Eric Sykes. Col. Todd-AO. 130 min.) *Metropole, Victoria*. VIC 4673. 2.30, 8.0. Sun: 4.30, 8.0. Ends 6 July

THUNDERBALL (A). Bond has only a few days to find two atom bombs stolen by SPECTRE. Gadgetry galore, underwater sex and Connery confidently assuming the role of Superman. (Claudine Auger, Luciana Paluzzi. Col. 125 min.) *La Continentale, Tottenham Court Road*. MUS 4193. 2.10, 5.20, 8.30. Sun: 5.20, 8.30

TOM JONES (X). Tony Richardson's rowdy, rumbustious version of Henry Fielding's novel with Albert Finney showing tremendous drive as the womanising Tom. (Susannah York. Col. 130 min.) *Prince Charles, Leicester Place*. GER 8181. With: *Never On Sunday* (X). Pgm: M-F: 12.50, 3.5, 7.5. Sat: 12.15, 2.35, 6.35, 10.35. Sun: 3.5, 7.5

GENERAL RELEASE

* *Sunday programme differs*

DISTRICT DIRECTORY

(A jump in sequence of numbers indicates a late programme change)

Baker Street Classic. 29, 45, 51.
Brixton Classic. 6, 54.
***Brixton Granada.** 10.
***Camberwell Grand.** 43, 58.
Charing Cross Road Jacey. 16.
Chelsea Classic. 33, 42.
Chelsea Essoldo. 18.
Clapham Junction Imperial. 57.
Croydon Classic. 20, 25.
Dalston Classic. 1, 48.
East Ham Granada. 14.
Finchley Rex. 26.
Golders Green Ionic. 44.
Hackney Essoldo. 35, 41.
Hampstead Everyman. 30.
Harringay Curzon. 35.
Harrow Road Prince of Wales. 40.
Hendon Gala. 23.
Hendon Gaumont. 49.
Highams Park Regal. 19.
Islington Rex. 46.
Kilburn Classic. 28.
Notting Hill Classic. 21, 32, 59.
***Notting Hill Imperial Playhouse.** 47.
Oxford Street Cinephone. 24.
Piccadilly Classic. 36.
Piccadilly Jacey. 24.
Praed Street Classic. 60.
Putney Globe. 17, 56.
Queensbury Essoldo. 34, 35.
***Raynes Park Rialto.** 13, 50.
***St Pancras Tolmer.** 8, 58.
***Southfields Plaza.** 15, 19.
***Stepney Essoldo.** 3, 31.
Stepney Odeon. 2, 52.
Stockwell Classic. 9, 39.
Stoke Newington Coliseum. 4, 35.
Tooting Astoria. 24.
Tooting Classic. 7, 11.
***Victoria Biograph.** 5, 37.
Victoria Cameo. 12, 22.
Waterloo Station Classic. 53, 55.
Westbourne Grove International Film Theatre. 56.

RANK RELEASE NORTH

Nanette Newman, prematurely clad in black, in "The Wrong Box."

From Fri: THE WRONG BOX (U). Bryan Forbes' star-studded black comedy about the murderous efforts of two orphans (Peter Cook and Dudley Moore) to ensure that their uncle (Ralph Richardson) is the last surviving member in a mammoth lottery. Well worth a view. (John Mills, Michael Caine, Nanette Newman, Tony Hancock, Peter Sellers. Col. 110 min.). Full supporting programme. (Ends Th 7 July.)

RANK RELEASE SOUTH

George Hamilton plays the handsome rebel leader in "Viva Maria."

From Fri: VIVA MARIA (A). Sub-titled. Louis Malle, the director, seizes the opportunity to show off the entirely disparate talents of Mesdames Jeanne Moreau (Maria I) and Brigitte Bardot (Maria II), in a gay and amusing story of two song-and-dance girls who become embroiled in a South American revolution. Full of joyous visual gags. (George Hamilton. Col. 120 min.). With: **Shotgun Wedding** (A). (Ends Th 7 July.)

ABC RELEASE NORTH

Paul Newman, private eye on the trail, in "The Moving Target."

From Fri: THE MOVING TARGET (A). Paul Newman plays a sardonic, gum-chewing private eye commissioned by Lauren Bacall, the wife of a missing millionaire, to track down her missing husband. For Newman fans, this performance ranks with *Hud* and *The Hustler*. (Janet Leigh, Shelley Winters, Julie Harris, Robert Wagner. Col. 121 min.). With: **Kisses for my President** (U). (Ends Th 7 July.)

ABC RELEASE SOUTH

Unfamiliar role: David McCallum in "Around the World under the Sea."

From Fri: AROUND THE WORLD UNDER THE SEA (U). Six scientists try to set up a world-wide earthquake warning system by placing sensor devices on the ocean bed. Acting plays second fiddle to special effects, but Metrocolor photography is good. David McCallum's last film before stardom in UNCLE. (Lloyd Bridges, Shirley Eaton, Gary Merrill. Col. 111 min.). With: **Captain Sindbad** (U). (Ends Th 7 July.)

ADVENTURE

1 **Blood of the Executioner** (U). Lex Barker, Guy Madison. Until Sun: Dalston Classic. With: The Prince Who Was a Thief (U)

2 **Duel in the Jungle** (U). Jeanne Crain, David Farrar. Mon, four days: Stepney Odeon. With: Gun Hawk (U)

3 **Flight from Ashiya** (A). Yul Brynner, Richard Basehart, George Chakiris. Until Sat: Stepney Essoldo. With: Johnny Cool (A)

4 **Hercules Against the Sons of the Sun** (U). Mark Forest. Until Sat: Stoke Newington Coliseum. With: Valley of Fury (U)

5 **The Mighty Khan** (U). Kirk Morris, Moira Orfei. Until Sat: Victoria Biograph. With: Victim 5 (U)

6 **Queen of the Nile** (U). Vincent Price, Edmund Purdom, Jeanne Crain. Mon, four days: Brixton Classic. With: Captain Blood (U)

7 **Snows of Kilimanjaro** (A). Gregory Peck, Ava Gardner. Mon, four days: Tooting Classic

8 **Tarzan the Magnificent** (U). Jock Mahoney. Until Sat: St Pancras Tolmer. With: From the Earth to the Moon (U)

9 **Viva Zapata!** (A). Marlon Brando, Anthony Quinn. Until Sun: Stockwell Classic

COMEDIES

10 **Alfie** (X). Michael Caine, Julia Foster, Shelley Winters. Mon, five days: Brixton Granada. With: The Love Goddesses (X)

11 **The Apartment** (A). Shirley MacLaine, Jack Lemmon. Until Sun: Tooting Classic. With: Young Fury (A)

12 **The Bargee** (A). Harry H Corbett, Julia Foster. Until Sat: Victoria Cameo

13 **Boeing-Boeing** (A). Tony Curtis, Jerry Lewis. Mon, six days: Raynes Park Rialto. With: Johnny Reno (A)

14 **Casanova '70** (X). Marcello Mastroianni, Virna Lisi. Fri, seven days: East Ham Granada

15 **Doctor in Clover** (A). Leslie Phillips, John Fraser. Until Sat: Southfields Plaza

16 **Here We Go Again** (U). Louis de Funès. Charing Cross Road Jacey

17 **Irma la Douce** (X). Shirley MacLaine, Jack Lemmon. Sun, seven days: Putney Globe

18 **Morgan – A Suitable Case for Treatment** (A). Vanessa Redgrave, David Warner. Fri, seven days: Chelsea Essoldo

19 **Our Man Flint** (A). James Coburn, Gila Golan. Mon, six days: Highams Park Regal, Southfields Plaza

20 **Peter and Pavla** (A). Ladislav Jakim, Pavla Marinkova. Sun, five days: Croydon Classic

21 **Public Enemy No. 1** (U). Fernandel, Zsa Zsa Gabor. Notting Hill Classic. Fri 1 July only: 11.15 pm

22 **A Shot in the Dark** (A). Peter Sellers, Elke Sommer. Sun, four days: Victoria Cameo

23 **The Sucker** (U). Louis de Funès, Bourvil. Sun, seven days: Hendon Gala. With: Odyssea Nuda (A)

DRAMA

24 **All About Loving** (X). Elsa Martinelli, Anna Karina. Oxford Street Cinephone, Piccadilly Jacey

25 **Citizen Kane** (A). Orson Welles, Joseph Cotten. Until Sat: Croydon Classic

26 **Darling . . .** (X). Julie Christie, Dirk Bogarde, Laurence Harvey. Fri, seven days: Finchley Rex

28 **Girl With Green Eyes** (X). Rita Tushingham, Peter Finch. Sun, five days: Kilburn Classic

29 **Goodbye Again** (A). Ingrid Bergman, Yves Montand, Anthony Perkins. Until Sun: Baker Street Classic. (Late show Sat: 11.15 pm)

30 **Hamlet** (U). Innokenti Smoktunovsky, Anastasia Vertinska. Mon, seven days: Hampstead Everyman

31 **Live Now, Pay Later** (X). Ian Hendry, June Ritchie. Mon, three days: Stepney Essoldo

32 **Picnic** (A). William Holden, Kim Novak, Rosalind Russell. Mon, four days: Notting Hill Classic

33 **Rebecca** (A). Laurence Olivier, Joan Fontaine. Until Sun: Chelsea Classic. (Late show Sat: 11.30 pm)

34 **Room at the Top** (X). Laurence Harvey, Simone Signoret, Heather Sears. Sun, seven days: Queensbury Essoldo

35 **Secrets of a Windmill Girl** (X). April Wilding, Pauline Collins. Until Sat: Queensbury Essoldo, Hackney Essoldo. Sun, seven days: Harringay Curzon, Stoke Newington Coliseum

36 **Walk on the Wild Side** (X). Laurence Harvey, Jane Fonda, Barbara Stanwyck. Sun, five days: Piccadilly Classic

37 **War and Peace** (U). Audrey Hepburn, Henry Fonda, Mel Ferrer. Mon, three days: Victoria Biograph

HORROR

38 **Curse and the Coffin** (X). Nadja Tiller. Until Sat: Tooting Astoria

39 **Curse of the Werewolf** (X). Clifford Evans, Oliver Reed. Mon, four days: Stockwell Classic

40 **The Exterminators** (X). Richard Wyler, Jany Clair. Fri, seven days: Harrow Road Prince of Wales

41 **House on Haunted Hill** (X). Vincent Price. Sun, four days: Hackney Essoldo

MUSICALS

42 **Black Orpheus** (A). Breno Mello, Marpessa Dawn. Mon, four days: Chelsea Classic

43 **Girls! Girls! Girls!** (U). Elvis Presley. Until Sat: Camberwell Grand

44 **Li'l Abner** (U). Peter Palmer, Leslie Parrish, Julie Newmar. Sun, seven days: Golders Green Ionic

THRILLERS

45 **Charade** (A). Cary Grant, Audrey Hepburn. Mon, four days: Baker Street Classic

46 **Dr No** (A). Sean Connery, Joseph Wiseman. Until Sat: Islington Rex

47 **FBI Code 98** (U). Jack Kelly, Philip Carey. Mon, three days: Notting Hill Imperial Playhouse

48 **Marnie** (X). "Tippi" Hedren, Sean Connery. Mon, four days: Dalston Classic. With: Out of the Fog (A)

49 **One Spy Too Many** (A). Robert Vaughn, David McCallum. Fri, seven days: Hendon Gaumont

50 **Where the Spies Are** (A). David Niven, Françoise Dorléac. Until Sat: Raynes Park Rialto

WAR

51 **Bitter Victory** (A). Richard Burton, Curt Jürgens. Baker Street Classic. Fri 1 July only: 11.15 pm

52 **The Heroes of Telemark** (U). Kirk Douglas, Richard Harris. Fri, three days: Stepney Odeon

53 **The Hunters** (A). Robert Mitchum, Robert Wagner. Mon, four days: Waterloo Station Classic

54 **The 7th Dawn** (A). William Holden, Susannah York. Until Sat: Brixton Classic

55 **To Hell and Back** (A). Audie Murphy, Jack Kelly. Until Sun: Waterloo Station Classic

56 **The War Game** (X). Dir: Peter Watkins. Westbourne Grove International Film Theatre. Until Sat: Putney Globe. With: 4 in the Morning (X)

WESTERNS

57 **Geronimo** (A). Chuck Connors, Kamala Devi. Fri, seven days: Clapham Junction Imperial

58 **Last Train from Gun Hill** (A). Kirk Douglas, Anthony Quinn. Mon, three days: Camberwell Grand, St Pancras Tolmer

59 **McLintock** (U). John Wayne, Maureen O'Hara. Until Sat: Notting Hill Classic. (Late show Sat: 11.15 pm)

60 **North to Alaska** (U). John Wayne, Stewart Granger. Sun, five days: Praed Street Classic

GALLERIES

FIRST FIVE: 1 & 2 Aubrey Beardsley and Islamic Jades (V & A). 3 Duchamp (Tate). 4 René Magritte (Zwemmer). 5 Liesborn Altarpiece (National Gallery).

A word of praise for our civil servants – for their civility and their expertise. It is in connection with our public galleries and museums where, over the years, I can personally record both service and friendliness. Of course they are in jobs they like, but it does not necessarily follow that people living in little worlds of their own choice will always know how to help the capricious public.

I am not thinking so much about the free opinion you may get from the National Gallery on Wednesdays and Fridays (2.30 pm-5 pm), as to whether the oil painting your aunt left you, or which you picked up in Brighton for a song, is a genuine Italian primitive or a Victorian copy (please note – they try to tell you what it is, never how much it is worth), but recalling the numerous occasions when people have taken trouble, for me or for others I have observed. For years there has been an especially helpful attendant at the National Gallery, who has particularly taken pains with even children's queries. There was an attendant at the Wallace, who, observing my friend's enthusiasm for a particular piece of furniture that once belonged to Marie Antoinette, opened the drawers and generally increased our appreciation.

As a result of its interest, the Klee and Nolde exhibition will probably cross Bond Street to the New London for further showing through July and August.

On the other hand, I also remember an attendant at an Arts Council exhibition of primitive sculpture who not only switched the lights out in an upper room but insisted that the exhibition closed half an hour earlier than it did. I deduced that it was the erotic nature of the works that he was protecting us from!

The quality of display in our museums is gradually but undoubtedly improving. The pace is slow because of money and the sheer scale of the operations undertaken, but it is a true cliché that one could spend a week in the V & A, without exhausting its contents – and without being exhausted *by* the contents. The current exhibitions there – of Aubrey Beardsley and the Islamic Jades – are models of artistic and scholastic service to us. And there are scarcely less interesting items to be found in every gallery.

It has long ceased to be true that all that museums had to offer was ". . . a centrally-heated refuge, parquet floors and sarcophagusses."

keith sutton

OPENING

GORDON, 57 High Street, Wimbledon Hill. WIM 9609. Pottery and sculpture by various artists. Until 23 July. Daily 10-6

GROSVENOR, 30 Davies Street, W1. MAY 0891. Experiment in Form: sculpture mainly by young artists. 6-29 July. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

KIM LIM. Axiom, 79 Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, W1. HYD 6646. Recent sculptures in various media. 6 July-6 Aug. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

RENE MAGRITTE: Dora Basilio. Zwemmer, 28 Litchfield Street, WC2. TEM 1793. 25 early paintings by great Surrealist artist: abstract etchings by Brazilian print-maker. 5-30 July. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

MONI. Artists Own, 26 Kingly Street, W1. REG 8308. Paintings. 29 June-12 July. M-F 9.30-6, Sat 9.30-1

CAROL NOLLER. Everyman Foyer, Everyman Cinema, NW3. HAM 4071. Lithographs. 4 July-7 Aug. M-Sat 2.10, Sun 4.30-10.30

TRAFFORD, 119 Mount Street, W1. GRO 2021. Juxtapositions. 5-29 July. M-F 10-5.30, Sat 10-1

JEFFE WATKIN: JEAN HORSLEY. Drian, 3/7 Porchester Place, W2. PAD 9473. Watkin – 3rd exhibition, cast aluminum pieces. Horsley – recent paintings. 5-22 July. Daily 10-6

WOODSTOCK, 16 Woodstock Street, W1. MAY 4419. Sleeman, Campbell and Peace, recent paintings. 4-23 July. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

CURRENT

AGNEW, 43 Old Bond Street, W1. MAY 6176. French and English drawings of the 19th and 20th centuries. Until 16 July. M-F 9.30-5.30, Sat 9.30-1

BRITISH MUSEUM, Great Russell Street, WC1. MUS 1555. A further selection of masterpieces from the Print Room: New Guinea; the Sepik Headwaters 1963-4: Far Eastern screen painting. Daily 10-5, Sun 2.30-6

COLNAGHI, 14 Old Bond Street, W1. HYD 1943. Old Master drawings from the National Gallery of Scotland. Until 8 July. M-F 10-5.30

CURWEN, 1 Coleville Place, W1. MUS 1439. "Made by Hand": a retrospective of auto-lithography printed at the Curwen Press 1920-30. Until end of July. M-F 10-5, Th 10-7, Sat 10-1

MARCEL DUCHAMP. Tate Gallery, Millbank, SW1. TAT 4444. First fully comprehensive retrospective exhibition. Until 31 July. M-Sat 10-6, T & Th 10-8, Sun 2-6. Adm 5s

GRABOWSKI, 84 Sloane Avenue, SW3. KEN 1868. Painters and sculptors of today. Until Sept. Daily 10-6

HANOVER, 32a St George Street, W1. MAY 0296. The Poetic Image. Until Sept. M-F 10-5.30, Sat 10-1

HENRI HAYDEN. Roland Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W1. REG 7964. Early paintings in Cézannesque and Cubist styles. Until 30 July. M-F 10-5.30, Sat 10-1

HEIM GALLERY. 59 Jermyn Street, W1. HYD 0688. Italian paintings and sculpture of the 17th and 18th Centuries. Until 31 August. M-F 10-5, Sat 10-1

PAUL KLEE AND EMIL NOLDE. Marlborough Fine Arts, 39 Old Bond Street, W1. MAY 5161. Paintings and watercolours. Until 16 July. M-F 10-5, Sat 10-12

Landscape of the Megaliths by Paul Nash at the Curwen Gallery.

JEREMY MOON. Rowan, 25a Lowndes Street, SW1. BEL 3490. Second solo exhibition; recent abstract paintings. 1-21 July. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

NATIONAL GALLERY, Trafalgar Square, WC2. WHI 7618. The Liesborn High Altarpiece reassembled: Also usual permanent collection. M, W, F & Sat 10-6, T & Th 10-9, Sun 2-6. Adm free

JULES OLITSKI. Kasmin, 118 New Bond Street, W1. MAY 2821. Recent paintings. M-F 10-5.30, Sat 10-1

SAURA. ICA, 17-18 Dover Street, W1. GRO 6186. Paintings, collages and drawings by leading Spanish contemporary artist. Until 9 July. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

JACK SIMCOCK. Piccadilly, 13a Cork Street, W1. MAY 2875. Recent paintings. Until 23 July. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM, Kensington, SW7. KEN 63 1. Aubrey Beardsley. Until 18 Sept: Islamic Jades. Until 31 July: Opera in the Mid-19th Century. Daily 10-6, Sun 2.30-6

WHITECHAPEL GALLERY, High Street, E1. BIS 1942. New generation. Until 31 July. T-Sat 11-6, Sun 2-6

SALEROOMS

THURSDAY 30 JUNE

Fine English Furniture at Christie's. 11 am

Impressionist and Modern drawings, paintings and sculptures, including important works by Bouffet, Chagal, Corot, Daumier, Gauguin and Van Gogh. Sotheby's. 10.30 am

FRIDAY 1 JULY

Important pictures by Old Masters, including Pater, Le Nai, Orcagna and El Greco. Christie's. 11 am

French furniture, works of art, tapestries, clocks and carpets. Sotheby's. 11 am

MONDAY 4 JULY

Fine Chinese Porcelain (property of the late Princess Royal, Duke of Abercorn and others). Christie's. 11 am

Fine scientific instruments, watches, clocks, chronometers. Sotheby's. 11 am

Mediaeval and later works of art, Renaissance jewellery and musical instruments. Sotheby's. 11 am

TUESDAY 5 JULY

English drawings, watercolours and prints (property of the late Princess Royal) including works by Edward Lear, Francis Wheatley and Joseph Turner. Christie's. 11 am

Continental Pottery and porcelain. Sotheby's. 11 am

ADDRESSES AND VIEWING TIMES

Christie, Manson & Woods, Ltd, 8 King Street, SW1 (TRA 9060) – at least three days before sale

Sotheby & Co, 34 New Bond Street, W1 (HYD 7242) – at least two days before sale

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MUSIC

FIRST FIVE: 1 LSO, Rostropovich, Festival Hall (Thurs). 2 Don Carlos, Covent Garden (Thurs, Mon). 3 The Magic Flute, Covent Garden (Tues). 4 LSO, Kertesz, Festival Hall (Sun). 5 Northern Sinfonia, Festival Hall (Mon).

If the fate of operas depended on their libretti, it seems unlikely that *The Magic Flute* would hold its secure and honoured place in the repertory. Read on its own, the text seems designed for a high-class pantomime – as, indeed, it originally was. Schikaneder, that astute man of the theatre, can hardly have guessed that he was collaborating in an immortal masterpiece. But then, if he had signed up any composer but Mozart, he probably wouldn't have been.

For producers, the *Flute's* compound of knockabout and allegory, fantasy and spiritual message, are at once a challenge and a nightmare. Since the war, Covent Garden have mounted, and scrapped, no fewer than three versions. Number four comes up next Tuesday (5 July), with special interest attached to the production side: it is by Peter Hall, presiding genius of the Royal Shakespeare Company, who made his operatic début last year with the controversial *Moses and Aaron*.

Hall, who was taken to his first *Flute* at 11, has no illusions about the difficulties. "I've never seen a satisfactory production yet," he says; "I don't expect ours will be any better. One can only try." He aims to resolve the conflicts – the clowning of Papageno, the noble utterances of Sarastro, the sulphurous intrusions of the Queen of the Night – not by toning them down, but by sharpening them up. "The comic parts should be played for all they are worth – after all, they were conceived in the 'pop' terms of the time. The spiritual message, which is sublime, should be as spiritual as possible. And the 'magic' scenes ought to be breath-taking. Give each element its full value, and you may get unity."

Peter Hall is to produce Elektra at La Scala, Milan, with Georg Solti, in 1968.

Hall denies any "revolutionary" intentions towards the *Flute*. He just wants to make it "work" as convincingly as possible. To provide a smooth transition between the numerous scenes, John Bury's sets are mounted on rubber-castored trucks which glide away at the flick of the hand. Hall claims any scene can be changed in 15 seconds.

With Geraint Evans, John Wakefield, and Joan Carlyle singing the leads, and Georg Solti conducting, the new *Flute* ought to be safe enough musically. How well the Hall magic will work we shall see on Tuesday.

richard last

CONCERTS

ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL, South Bank, SE1 (WAT 3191). Th 30 June: London Symphony Orchestra. Conductor: Stepan Purchak. Soloist: Mstislav Rostropovich, cello. 8.0
F 1 July: Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Conductor: Rudolf Kempe. Soloists: Trio di Trieste. 8.0
Sat 2 July: Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Conductor: Michael Steyn. Soloist: Liv Glaser, piano. 8.0
Sun 3 July: London Symphony Orchestra. Conductor: Istvan Kertesz. Soloists: Olga Szonyi, mezzo-soprano; Andras Farago, bass. 7.30
M 4 July: Northern Sinfonia Orchestra. Conductor: Boris Brott. Soloist: Julius Katchen, piano. 8.0
T 5 July: Philomusica of London. Conductor: Niels Gron. Soloist: Stephen Bishop, piano. 8.0
W 6 July: Swingle Singers. George Malcolm, harpsichord. 8.0

KENWOOD LAKESIDE. Sat 2 July: Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra. Conductor: Charles Groves. Soloist: Andrew Woodburn. 8.0

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERT BOWL. Sun 3 July: Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra. Conductor: Charles Groves. Soloist: Andrew Woodburn. 7.30

OPERA

ROYAL OPERA HOUSE, Covent Garden, WC2 (COV 1066). Th 30 June & M 4 July: Don Carlos, Verdi (in Italian). Conductor: Downes. 7.0
Sat 2 July: La Fille du Régiment, Donizetti (in French). Conductor: Bonynge. Principal: Joan Sutherland. 7.30
T 5 July: The Magic Flute, Mozart. Conductor: Solti. 7.30

GLYNDEBOURNE FESTIVAL OPERA, Lewes, Sussex (Ringmer 411). Th 30 June & Sat 2 July: Dido & Aeneas, Purcell, and L'Heure Espagnole, Ravel. Conductor: John Pritchard. 6.5
F 1 & T 5 July: Die Zauberflöte, Mozart. Conductor: Hans Gierster. 5.20
Sun 3 & W 6 July: Werther, Massenet. Conductor: Cillario. Sun: 4.50. W: 5.50

BALLET

ROYAL OPERA HOUSE, Covent Garden, WC2 (COV 1066). F 1 July: Song of the Earth, Mahler/MacMillan and Daphnis & Chloë, Ravel/Ashton. Conductors: Lanchbery, Swarowsky. Principals: Fonteyn (Daphnis & Chloë), Nureyev (Song of the Earth). 7.30
W 6 July: Giselle, Adam/Coralli and Perrot. Conductor: Lawrence. Principals: Beriosova, Musil. 7.30

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE, Rosebery Avenue, EC1 (TER 1672). Th 30 June & F 1 July: A Wedding Present, Bartok/Darrell. Trial, Berg/Meyer. Beauty & the Beast, Ravel/Cranko. Mods and Rockers '63, The Beatles/Darrell. Conductor: Kenneth Alwyn. Western Theatre Ballet. 7.30
Sat 2 & M 4 July: Sun Into Darkness, Williamson/Darrell/Rudkin. Conductor: Alwyn. Western Theatre Ballet. 7.30
T 5 & W 6 July: Ballet to this Music, Haydn/Wright. A Wedding Present, Bartok/Darrell. Jeux, Debussy/Darrell. Mods and Rockers '63, The Beatles/Darrell. Conductor: Alwyn. Western Theatre Ballet. 7.30

RECITALS

ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL, South Bank, SE1 (WAT 3191). Sun 3 July: José Iturbi, piano. 3.0

WIGMORE HALL, Wigmore Street, W1 (WEL 2141). Th 30 June: New Chamber Orchestra. Conductor: Christoper Slater. Soloists: Katherine Jeans, recorder, Lady Susi Jeans, organ. 7.30
Sat 2 July: Paranjoti Chorus. 7.30
M 4 July: Monteverdi Choir. Conductor: John Eliot Gardiner. Soloist: George Malcolm, harpsichord. 7.30

THE HILL, North End Way, Hampstead, NW3. Th 30 June: Guildhall Woodwind Ensemble. 7.30

IVEAGH BEQUEST, Kenwood. Sun 3 July: Fou Ts'Ong, piano. 7.30

BALLET

What a night of technical brilliance it was for Elizabeth Anderton at Covent Garden on 15 June. As La Capricciosa in Cranko's *Lady and the Fool* she was much more than simply "a beauty": she was a ravishing *femme fatale*, and no wonder Moondog fell head over heels over her. But there were more surprises to come in Ashton's *Two Pigeons*, Anderton's Gipsy Girl seducing the audience with her turbulent spins in the first act Gipsy Dance and her dynamic *fouettés* in the second.

Cranko's wilting ballet also highlighted the compelling comedy style of Jacqueline Williams, and the technically assured dancing of Kerrison Cooke (who always lands perfectly after *tours*). Yvonne Saunders, too, has the presence, beauty and line that continually catch the eye, not only as a Yellow Girl in *Lady* but also as one of the Gipsies in *The Two Pigeons*.

Stepping into a role like the Young Girl in *Pigeons*, Doreen Wells has two superb predecessors (Seymour and Sibley) with whom to suffer comparison. But Miss Wells is Miss Wells and she stamps the part with her own indelible personality. Hers is a truly pathetic, naïve, gawky interpretation, the final studio *pas de deux* with Wall being so innocently portrayed it became sheer poetry of movement.

● It was sad, sad, sad, at Golders Green last week, when the Ballet Rambert presented their *Coppélia* for the very last time. Never again will Britain's oldest ballet company be performing any of the existing classics in its repertory, for in future it is to devote its work to purely contemporary ballets – and is to be reduced to a mere 15 to 20 dancers. The damnable thing is that no one has intervened to prevent the tragedy.

ian woodward

RECORDS

It's ladies' week on disc, as four female vocalists, each incomparable in her own field, turn up on newly released LPs. **I Believe** by Mahalia Jackson (GGL 0367) is one of the Golden Guinea LPs released by Pye. Without any doubt at all this record presents one of the most outstanding Gospel singers of our time. The great Mahalia projects a warm sincerity in her beautiful voice, touched by a great feeling of dignity, as a result, perhaps, of her extremely religious background. Although the blues and jazz have always surrounded Mahalia, she has never strayed from Gospel singing. This particular type of music is the basic expression of religious sentiment – authentic soul singing. Miss Jackson transmits her spiritual message magnificently, and *musically* one can detect a slight element of jazz

Also released by Golden Guinea is **Dinah Washington Sings The Blues** (GGL 0367). Miss Washington is probably the most popular blues singer of our time and it is a shame that only one side of this record is dedicated to her. Memorable bass playing comes from none other than Charlie Mingus: altogether most inspiring. On the second side is Betty Roche, who has a rather lonesome sound which is especially noticeable in *Trouble, Trouble* and *Blues On My Weary Mind*

Françoise Hardy, a new LP released on Vogue (VRL 3023) contains some old favourites and some of her best tracks ever recorded, including *Tous Les Garçons Et Les Filles*. She applies her very special gift to *Ton Meilleur Ami, Et Mème* and *C'Est L'Amour Auquel Je Pense*, and really manages to put something of herself into these numbers, with her flair for expressing human emotions. No matter how many times one hears this album, it always seems to retain an inexplicable freshness, perhaps connected with the feeling of informality she generates

Petula '66 on Vogue (VRL 3022) by Petula Clark – a lively album with lots of her usual charm radiating from the French lyrics, and a relaxed, casual air. *Que Faut – Il Faire Pour Oublier?* is a sad number, but sounds so beautiful, given the Clark treatment

diana jervis-read

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GOOD EATING

Museums and art galleries, if you take your tourism or general pursuit of the beautiful at all seriously, require hours of gazing at a time. And, just as last week I suggested that shopping became easier if you can break off for lunch or tea without quitting the emporium of your choice, so art-loving, too, is better done on a filled stomach, if not a full one: and that is better done without wasting precious energy on a search for a nearby café or restaurant. Anyway, as Pottersman's Law of Near-by Cafés teaches, when you need one most, there aren't any.

So, eschewing such obvious pitfalls as "how were the rock cakes at the Geological Museum?" and, because of my innate good taste, preferring not to eat at the Natural History Museum at all, I report today on the feeding prospects at half a dozen of London's galleries.

My findings may be summed up thus: you lunch best at the Victoria & Albert – and why not? Isn't the place full of cultural customs through the ages, and mock-ups of antique dining-rooms? And the Royal Academy is the best place for tea, which again seems apposite for that most English of art centres, and most English of customs.

I regret to report that other places tested were found wanting indeed. I started in far Kensington, at the Commonwealth Institute, which is the only museum actually to have signposts in the street pointing the way to the restaurant. Here you certainly do eat in a bright and airy room. But, belying the Institute's title, there are no Indian curries here; no kangaroo delicacies; here they know not pawpaws, nor recognise so much as a spice from old Hong Kong. I was very disappointed by the boring, and not particularly tasty, cold meat: the gaudy-looking pastries; the tired tinned fruit salad. One slight virtue: the restaurant does look out upon a pleasant garden.

More pleasing

The Victoria & Albert was much more pleasing, though harder to find. Simplest route to the refreshment rooms here: enter from Brompton Road, walk straight through the mediaeval art section, past some Islamic art, and there you are. The room is slightly too stuffy – no windows, you see, only a heat-catching glass roof. But there is a good choice of cooked dishes in the waitress-service section, as well as a salad bar and self-service counter. Attractively decorated walls, covered with V & A posters, and there's a 1956 piece by Barbara Hepworth lowering from the back wall just to remind you that art still comes first. Incidentally, this is the only part of the V & A in which you may smoke.

At the Tate Gallery the restaurant is easily discovered, down some stairs that nestle behind three 19th-century French nymphs, and past a pair of modern sculptures, or bas-reliefs, or whatever. I didn't understand the weird fairy-land murals in the Rex Whistler room either, but then I'm not an art critic. Lunch here is rather expensive for what you get. In my case that included *warm* drinking water and indifferent service. I arrived late, but how much better can the service get?

At the Royal Academy there are usually some lovely hats to look at among the current Summer exhibits; plenty of attractive girls. For them, plenty of attractive men. And in a rather sedate restaurant (through the South Room, turn left as you enter, and left again) my old friends Ring & Brymer cater. They do a 3s 6d set tea quite well, though perhaps less exciting than that which Fortnums Fountain offers across the way, which is a good spot of English, if dainty, tea.

The same, food-wise

National Gallery: seems to be run on precisely the same lines as the Commonwealth Institute, food-wise. Similar salads and sandwiches, though this below-ground-level room is brightly coloured. And so to the British Museum, which is strictly for scholars. A self-service tea and coffee room, hot and airless, with only a 3rd century AD Roman mosaic pavement relieving the gloom on the far wall, and plaster casts, including a Torso of Aphrodite, as you come in. Not the greatest demonstrations of British culinary skills, I'm afraid.

Do I exaggerate the importance of food? I don't think so. Not by bread alone, to be sure; not by soul alone, either. And we may as well have value for money, since we have to eat anyway.

● I have had reports from Oval cricket lovers that lunch is not the only problem when it comes to eating at the new Surrey Tavern. The 3s 6d set tea there has all the marks of a bad buy. For one thing, it includes no bread and butter. For another, it includes more butter than can be accommodated by the single scone. Altogether it does not satisfy.

By happy contrast, tea at Lord's is a good buy. While costing 4s, it does include a couple of sandwiches as well as bread and butter.

arthur pottersman

LONDON CHOICE

BARQUE & BITE, French, opposite 15 Prince Albert Road, NW1 (GUL 8137). Open daily 12-3, and 7-11.30. Well worth walking the plank for this restaurant on a barge. Lovely French cooking. Vegetables worth a mention, good coffee, good carafe wine. Average bill for two, £4 plus. No credit cards

BLOOMS, Kosher, 90 Whitechapel High Street, E1 (BIS 6001), and Golders Green Road, NW11 (SPE 1338). Mon-Thurs 11 am-10 pm, Fri 11 am-3 pm. Sun 11 am-11.30 pm. Only the Whitechapel place accepts reservations, which are advisable on Sundays. It's as well to take a really late lunch at Golders Green, to avoid queueing. Average bill for two 35s. No credit cards

COLOMBINA D'ORO, Italian, 61 Dean Street, W1 (REG 4150, 6875). Every day from 12-3 and 6 (Sun 6.30)-11.30. A simple, wonderful place, presided over with benevolence by Signora Ideale Price. Her fish soups and trout are famous. All meals include vegetables. Average bill for two £4. No credit cards

CRANKS SALAD TABLE, vegetarian, 22 Carnaby Street, W1 (GER 9431). Mon-Fri 11.30-8.30 (coffee from 10). Austere seating (plain uncushioned wood) to match the food, but friendly girls in blue serve with smiles. Unobtrusive piped classical music. Bill about 13s

EMPRESS, International, 15 Berkeley Street, W1 (MAY 6126). Sun-Fri 12.30-3, and 6.30-2 am. Sat 6.30-2 am. Very luxurious, very smooth service, with vast, wide-ranging menu. Famous cold buffet. Large and expensive wine list. Don't expect to pay less than £7 for two. CREDIT CARDS: *American Express, Diners*

GEORGE & VULTURE, English, George Yard, Lombard Street, EC3 (MAN 9710). Mon-Fri, lunch only 12-3. Much used by City businessmen for a rapid and first-rate steak. A lovely genuine place, owned now by Trust Houses. Bill for two around £2 10s. CREDIT CARDS: *Diners, American Express*

TERRASSE TIO PEPE, French, 13 Shepherd's Place, Upper Brook Street, W1 (MAY 7892). Mon-Sat 12-3 and 7-12. First-rate French cuisine, whose specialities change from week to week. Expect to pay around £4 for two. CREDIT CARDS: *American Express, Diners*

L'ETOILE, French, 30 Charlotte Street, W1 (MUS 7189). Mon-Sat 12.30-2.30 and 6.30-9.30. The hors d'oeuvre trolley is plentifully laden, the main courses are splendidly Parisian, and the sweet trolley as seductively set out as the first. Quite expensive, but worth it. Average bill for two, £5 10s plus. No credit cards

WHEELERS, French, 19 Old Compton Street, W1 (GER 7611). Fish only. Mon-Sat 12.30-2.30, 6-10.45. Oyster bar 11.30-3, 5.30-11. You can eat here jolly well for £1 a head, including as much bread and butter and coffee as you want, but average bill for two should be rated from £3-£5, as you please. CREDIT CARDS: *Diners;* also their own accounts

WHITE TOWER, Greek, 1 Percy Street, W1 (MUS 8141). Mon-Sat 12.45-3, 6.45-10.30. Diplomats, writers, film people love it. Warm and efficient service. Average bill for two £5-£6. CREDIT CARDS: *Diners, American Express*

GOOD DRINKING

As Dick Yipp, a 41-year-old Canadian, found when he arrived in London three years ago, the British worker's tea-break is an accepted, almost traditional facet of the tradesman's approach to a job. But the energetic Mr Yipp saw little point, little reason in it . . . especially when he – and the workmen – were facing a completion deadline for a new bar and restaurant. But, morning and afternoon, the men engaged in transforming a corner of the Hilton Hotel basement into "Trader Vic's" downed tools for tea. Dick finally compromised. He stopped arguing over the tea-break, installed a large tea-urn, and provided taxis to get the men home after working late.

"We met the deadline," he says. "But I felt desperate when I first walked in and saw four bare walls and an incomplete ceiling." When he can find time, Dick Yipp – self-styled "trouble-shooter" for the Trader Vic chain – will relate, in graphic detail, the weeks of work and worry that went into getting everything finished. The Polynesian

Watney Mann's exhibition, running at The Design Centre until 30 July, includes specially prepared pub facades.

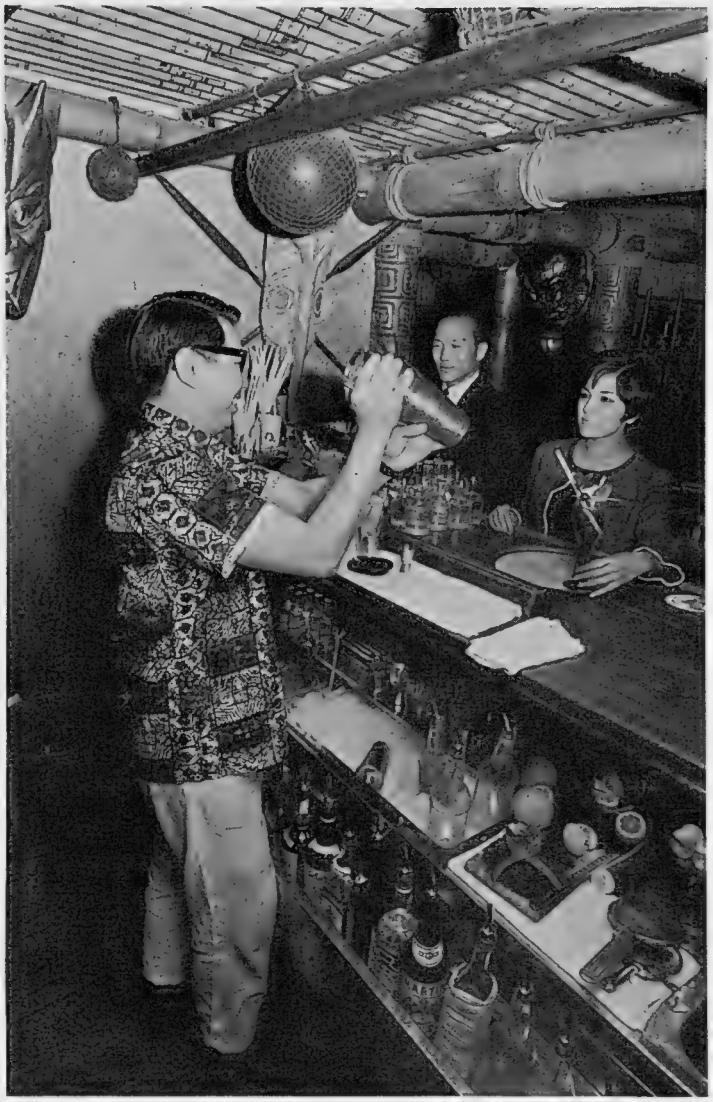
touches have not been overdone, the décor is fascinating, the drinks in the cool, dimly lit bar appealing, and the service admirable.

Dick Yipp now has a staff of 80. When the bar and restaurant opened, his office consisted of a crate in a corner of the kitchen. It is all organised now. There is a lushness about everything, particularly the range of exotic drinks. These include Navy Grog, a blend of fine rums and tropical fruits, with a spicing of Pimento Dram; Doctor Funk of Tahiti, originating in Papeete, and redolent of French rums and Pernod; and Wahine, a blend of rum and vodka in a ceramic coconut – which is yours to keep. And the crowded tables witness their popularity.

Lovely Asian girls in attractive green cheongsams ferry incredible concoctions from bar to tables. Presiding over the barmen is Willie, a 30-year-old bar manager from Hong Kong. Your welcome on entry comes from Ilario, the maître d'hôtel. Ranging everywhere; the ubiquitous Mr Yipp.

I have only one word of caution to give: it's preferable to have a drink in mind when you go there. For the drinks list is so extensive – and our licensing hours so fleeting – that you'll have little time to make a choice.

john mcleod



Cocktail, Hawaiian style: Willie from Hong Kong, head barman at Trader Vic's, shakes it up, while manager Dick Yipp and assistant Dawn Lane admire his expertise.

PUBS

GORDON'S WINE CELLARS, 47 Villiers Street, WC2. On balmy summer evenings, sit 10 yards from the Embankment gardens and savour one of the many wines available here. Gordon's is a truly delightful, quiet, cool place, with a fascinating history. In 1384, King Henry III granted a Royal Letters Patent to the Mistery of the Vintners, which allowed the merchants to open premises and sell wines without a licence. Gordon's, which has been in the same family for around 300 years, still has no licence. In a room directly overhead, Rudyard Kipling pondered and wrote and, frequently, he was joined by G K Chesterton in the wine lodge's tiny parlour. Nowadays, embassy staff and Foreign Office men mingle with literary, theatre and artistic people

LAMB, 94 Lamb's Conduit Street, WC1. HOL 5962. Darkened wood and a cool atmosphere about it. Extremely popular, without attracting the type of drinker reasonable people don't like! On Sundays, tends to be clannish, and filled with locals sporting their various coloured supplements. Week-days, office workers and a large contingent of people from nearby hospitals. Snacks and sandwiches excellent.

ELEPHANT AND CASTLE, 42 Holland Street, W8. WES 0316. In one of those chi-chi Kensington streets, it's brown and dim and nothing special to look at, but landlord Charles Farrow, his Dobermann Pinscher, and his personality attract a wide cross-section of customers. They range from models and admen to be-feathered, venerable ladies and retired Army staff officers. Irish barmen and good service . . . and always a laugh with prankster Farrow

DUKE OF WELLINGTON, 63 Eaton Terrace, SW1. SLO 3103. Another of those pleasantly languid Belgravia pubs that seems to draw laughing-eyed girls with male-model escorts, and the occasional trickle of the chinless brigade. Dark and pleasant. Food excellent.

COCKTAIL BAR, Grosvenor House Hotel, Park Lane, W1. GRO 6363. Starched, whiter-than-white uniforms, unobtrusive yet brisk efficiency, friendly atmosphere, elegantly simple dècor and swift service. Drinks immaculately and enticingly prepared

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DAY OUT

PLACES OF INTEREST

ADMIRALTY, Whitehall, SW1. Former administrative and operational centre of the Royal Navy. Dates from 1725. Tube: Strand, Trafalgar Square

CARLYLE'S HOUSE, 24 Cheyne Row, SW3. The home of Thomas Carlyle from 1834 until his death in 1881, the house remains almost unaltered. Daily 10 am-1 pm, 2 pm-6 pm or dusk. Sun 2 pm-6 pm or dusk. Closed Tuesdays. Tube: South Kensington

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE, Victoria Embankment, WC2. It is 68½ feet high and weighs 180 tons. This Egyptian obelisk stood in front of the Temple of the Sun at Heliopolis about 3,500 years ago. Tube: Charing Cross

KEW GARDENS, Kew. Beautiful park and gardens by the Thames. The glasshouses contain many rare plants and trees, at all climates. There are also four museums within the grounds. Admission 3d. 10 am-8 pm or sunset. Glasshouses 1 pm-4.50 pm M-F, until 5.50 pm Sun. Closed Christmas Day. Tube: Kew Gardens

ROYAL OBSERVATORY, Greenwich Park, SE10. Founded by Charles II. Includes planetarium and transit circle marking the meridian. Daily 2.30 pm-5 pm, not Th & Sun. Open Sun until September

TRAFALGAR SQUARE, WC2. Laid out as a war memorial in 1841, with Nelson's Column 145 feet high to give him a view of the sea. The lions are by Landseer. Tube: Strand, Trafalgar Square

SPORT

RACING

Lingfield Park. Fri, Sat 2 pm. (Trains from Victoria and London Bridge take 55 min to course station.) Telegraphic address of this course is Lovely Lingfield, and it lives up to it

Kempton Park. Tues, Wed, Thurs. Tues and Thurs are evening meetings. (Frequent trains from Waterloo to course station. Road travel strongly advised against for two night meetings, as times coincide with out-of-London rush)

CRICKET

Middlesex v West Indies. Lord's, St John's Wood. Wed, Thurs 11.30 am

Kent v Surrey. Blackheath. Sat, Mon, Tues 11.30 am. (Trains from Charing Cross to Blackheath)

Surrey v Somerset. The Oval. Wed, Thurs 11.30 am. (Northern Line to Oval)

GREYHOUND RACING

Wimbledon. Fri, Wed 7.45 pm. (Trains Waterloo-Earlsfield or Wimbledon. District Line to Wimbledon. Buses: 44, 77, 77a, 189, 220, 285.) Good restaurant. Tel: WIM 5361

White City. Sat, Thurs 7.45 pm. (Central Line to White City.) City.) Good restaurant. Tel: SHE 5544

Wembley. Mon, Fri 7.45 pm. (Bakerloo or Metropolitan Lines to Wembley Park.) Good restaurant and cocktail bar. Tel: WEM 1234

SPEEDWAY

Wimbledon v Exeter. Wimbledon Stadium. Sat 7.45 pm (District Line to Wimbledon, then special buses)

West Ham v Poole. West Ham Stadium. Tues 7.45 pm. (District Line to Plaistow, then bus)

When you're an up-and-coming speedway star like Norman Hunter (West Ham), last-minute adjustments to your machine can be so important. See him at West Ham Stadium on Tuesday.

ROWING

Henley: Royal Regatta. Fri, Sat 2 pm. (Trains from Paddington.)

TENNIS

Wimbledon championships. Fri, Sat 2 pm (District Line to Earlsfield. Finals on both days)

RIFLE SHOOTING

Bisley. Sat. National championships. (Trains to Bisley from Waterloo)

EXHIBITIONS

ST ANDREW-BY-THE-WARDROBE, Queen Victoria Street, EC4. M 4-Sat 9 July: Panoramas of London – prints etc of Old London

BATTERSEA PARK. Until 30 Sept: Sculpture in the open air. Mainly recent works by British sculptors including Henry Moore. Admission 2s 6d, students and children 1s 6d. Open: 10 am-dusk

VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM, South Kensington, SW7 (KEN 6371). Until 18 Sept: Aubrey Beardsley Exhibition. Original drawings, letters, manuscripts etc illustrate the development of the style of this important 19th-century artist and cartoonist

WESTMINSTER ABBEY, SW1. In the Norman Undercroft: Abbey treasures. To celebrate the 900th anniversary of the Abbey. M-Sat 9.30 am-5 pm. Wed to 9 pm
Until Sept: Opera in London in the mid-19th century. Illustrates the development of opera in the early days of Covent Garden and the great singers of the period. Includes Hogarth's engravings of "Masquerades and Operas" and "The Beggar's Opera"

OLYMPIA. W 6 July-T 12 July: Ship's Gear International '66. Open: 10 am-6 pm, Th & M to 8 pm

MUSIC IN PARKS

BATTERSEA PARK
Sat: Beat Group. 7.30
Sun: Isy Geiger's Viennese Concert Orchestra. 3.0. Canadian Forces Band Training Command. 7.30
Tues: Chris Barber and his Jazz Band. 8.0
Wed: Country Dancing. 7.30

PARLIAMENT HILL
Sat: Folk Dance Festival. 3.0, 7.30
Sun: Fulham Band. 3.0
Wed: Country Dancing. 7.30

VICTORIA PARK
Th: Fred Parry Old Time Orchestra. 7.30
Sat: Arcadians Old Time Orchestra. 7.30
Sun: Croydon Borough Band. 3.0

LECTURES

COMMONWEALTH INSTITUTE, Kensington High Street, W8. Th 30 June: Demonstration of Yoga, B K S Iyengar. 7.30 pm

FIFTY-NINE SOCIETY OF KENSINGTON, Central Library, W8. Th 30 June: What the stars foretell – about England's fateful future, John Naylor. 8 pm

NEW MEDICAL SOCIETY, Central Library, Kensington, W8. F 1 July: Hypnotism and the patient, Dr David Ryde. With demonstration. 8 pm

THE PUSHKIN CLUB, 46 Ladbroke Grove, W11 (PAR 7696). F 1 July: Portraits of Three Russian Women, A Mishchenko (in Russian). 8 pm

TATE GALLERY, Millbank, SW1 (TAT 4444). Th 30 June: 20th-century British landscape, Laurence Bradbury. 3 pm
Sat 2 July: Moving pictures, Laurence Bradbury. 3 pm
T 5 July: Matter painting, Laurence Bradbury. 3 pm

LONDON AT LUNCH

TH 30 JUNE
Band of the Grenadier Guards. On the steps, St Paul's Cathedral. 12.0
Discothèque. Records played by Clem Walton. Snacks available. Tiles, 79 Oxford Street. 12.0 every weekday
Play: *Gone* by Danny Abse. Theatrescope, Little Theatre, Garrick Yard, St Martin's Lane. 5s with snack lunch, baby-sitting 1s 6d. (Also Fri.) 12.15 & 1.15

FRI 1 JULY
Lecture by a speaker from the Dr Billy Graham Crusade, St Peter-upon-Cornhill. 12.15 & 1.15

MON 4 JULY
Metropolitan Police Band. Victoria Embankment Gardens. (Also Tues & Wed.) 12.30
Canadian Forces' Band Training Command. Lincoln's Inn Fields. 12.30. (Also Wed)

TUES 5 JULY
Arthur Barnes Orchestra. Lincoln's Inn Fields. 12.30
Dialogue between Bishop of Coventry and the Rector, St Mary-le-Bow, Cheapside. 1.5

WED 6 JULY
Band of the London Fire Brigade. Finsbury Circus Gardens. 12.0
Recital: The Clarendon Group. Holy Sepulchre, Holborn Viaduct. 1.0

NIGHT OUT

In the middle of all our thundering night life, when noise counts above everything, it is an extreme delight to visit a club where one can eat and actually hear the noise of knife on plate, and, egotistically important, where one can applaud and hear the noise of one's hands. All these things are possible at one establishment, a club which has fought a lonely battle for the pure sounds of jazz for too long. It is Ronnie Scott's Club – which now stands for all that's best in jazz entertainment.

Last December, the club moved from its basement in Gerrard Street to a more spacious ground-floor room in Frith Street. The basement was, to the die-hards, something very special – a small, intimate centre reserved for the strict enthusiast. I'm very pleased that the move across Shaftesbury Avenue hasn't caused the loss of any of the enthusiast's atmosphere. The new premises were purpose-built, so that now the rows of tables rise from the stage front to the elevated rear row, giving everyone a perfect view of what's happening. So different from some clubs where the neck of a bottle can obscure your chances of ever knowing who's appearing.

Miss Blossom Dearie, Alan Haven and Tony Crombie return to Ronnie Scott's Jazz Club for a four-week season, starting 27 June.

Talking of bottles, and how much it can cost to get one on the table, I was singularly delighted to learn from the manager, Peter King, that the club is not an expensive place. Two people can eat, have a bottle of wine and sit for as long as they care to for about £6. Membership is a guinea a year and students are allowed a discount. One other nice thing, if you don't want to eat, it's possible to sit with just a drink. And if you don't want to drink, you can just sit.

The night I was there, vocalist Carol Ventura and guitarist Jim Hall were the stars. Miss Ventura sings with a sweet feeling for the music, but it is a slight pity that she just stands there and sings. The result is that the eternally moving bulk of drummer Tony Crombie catches the audience's eye, if not their ear. I feel sure it's an adulation Mr Crombie is familiar with, for he is a very good drummer.

I haven't had the pleasure of hearing Jim Hall before, and I thought a draughtsman or civil engineer had strayed on stage by mistake. But there is no mistake about his playing: delicate, perfect and very swinging.

john viner

Ever harmonious: the Beverley Sisters, who take over the 11 pm cabaret spot at London's Talk of the Town from 4 July.

SPECTACULARS & CABARETS

ASTOR, Berkeley Square, W1 (GRO 2366 & 3181). 10 pm-4 am. Closed Sun. One hour cabaret at 1 am. Annual membership 1 guinea. No entrance fee, but minimum food charge 1 guinea. Whisky and gin 5s a measure. *Entertainment:* Ray & Gillian Burns, The Lamanows, Barry Munro. From 4 July: The Jones Boys, Cindy Williams

NEGRESCO, 23 Brook Street, Mayfair, W1 (MAY 5374 & 2443). Restaurant 9.30 pm-3 am. Closed Sun. No entrance or membership fees. Five course meal 30s (*à la carte* Mon to Thurs). Whisky 3s 9d. Beer 3s. *Entertainment:* Ronnie Ross, Art Fairbank and Johnny Hawksworth

SAVOY RESTAURANT, Strand, WC2 (TEM 4343). 8 pm-2 am. Cabaret at midnight. Dinner, dance and cabaret 52s 6d excluding coffee and wine, or *à la carte*. *Entertainment:* Until 2 July: Petula Clark. From 4 July: Jon Pertwee

THE STORK ROOM, 99 Regent Street, W1 (REG 3686). 8 pm-4 am including Sundays. Dinner, dance and show with wine about £7 for two. *Entertainment:* Dancing to two bands, and lavish floor show at 11.30 pm & 1.45 am

DINNER & DANCE

ANNABEL'S, 44 Berkeley Square, W1 (MAY 3558). 6.30 pm for drinks till late. Food from 7.45 pm. Annual membership 12 guineas; temporary or under-25 membership 5 guineas. Dinner dancing about £6-£7 per head. Whisky 10s 6d double. Discothèque, late dining club

RENAISSANCE CLUB, 39a Harrington Road, SW7 (KEN 7761). 11 am-3.30 pm & 5.30 pm-1 am. Annual membership 1 guinea. *A la carte* menu. Wines 18s 6d-37s, all vintage. Whisky 2s 9d. No service charge or cover charge. Licensed to midnight, supper licence to 1 am. *Entertainment:* Dancing to three-piece band

THE STABLE, 123 Cromwell Road, SW7 (FRO 1203). 7 pm-2.30 am dinner. Closed Sundays. *A la carte* approx £3 per head including wine. Cover charge 3s 6d. Continental cuisine. Dancing from 10.30 pm-2.30 am to the André Markides Trio. Licensed till 2.30 am

VILLA DEI CESARI, 135 Grosvenor Road, SW1 (TAT 7453 & VIC 9872). Open every day except Mondays. 7.30 pm-2.30 am. One of the best river views in London. Speciality, Roman food. Dinner for two with wine about £5-£6. Full wine list. Carafes from 19s 6d. Dancing to two bands

GAMING

CHARLIE CHESTER CASINO, 12 Archer Street, W1 (GER 7045). Open 24 hours. Life membership 2 guineas. 10s session charge. Blackjack, Las Vegas, dice and roulette. Limits 2s 6d and £200. Licensed restaurant and night club

COLONY SPORTING CLUB, Berkeley Square, W1 (MAY 1657). Gaming starts at 5.30 pm and closes when play ends. Membership 2 guineas a year. American roulette, blackjack, craps and Punto-Banco. Stakes vary from 2s-£100. Licensed restaurant

PALM BEACH CLUB, 30 Berkeley Street, W1 (HYD 6585). Opens 6.30 pm till dawn. Membership £1. Baccarat, chemin de fer, blackjack, roulette, dice, American roulette. Stakes 5s upwards. Luxurious restaurant and bar

RIVER CLUB CASINO, 129 Grosvenor Road, SW1 (VIC 1621). Bar opens 5.30 pm, closes about 12.30 am. Gambling starts around 9 pm. Last dinner served 1 am. Membership for club and restaurant 8 guineas a year; 5 guineas for out-of-town residents; 2 guineas for temporary membership. Blackjack, roulette, American roulette, craps and chemin de fer

DISCOTHEQUES

FANNY'S BISTRO, 51 Maddox Street, W1 (MAY 6214). 7.30 pm-3 am. No membership. Cover charge 2s 6d. Minimum charge 1 guinea, which can include light supper dish and four drinks. Full *à la carte* dinner menu. Drinks at pub prices

DIE FLEDERMAUS, 7 Carlisle Street, W1 (REG 5741). 8 pm-3 am every night. Membership £1 a year for men, 10s girls. Entrance fee: men 7s 6d, girls free Mon-Thurs – 7s 6d Fri-Sun. Specialises in Scandinavian and German clientèle. Party night Tuesday, all drinks 1s 6d

THE 007, Hilton Hotel, Park Lane, W1 (HYD 8000). 6.30 pm-2 am. Closed Sundays. No entrance fee. Service charge 12½ per cent. Minimum food charge after 11 pm, 10s 6d. Whisky 6s. Goldfinger cocktail 7s. Band from 9 pm

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PROPERTY

E H Brooks, estate agents, are handling the sale of a freehold house in a much sought after area of St John's Wood – Abercorn Place, NW8. Over the last five or six years there have been very few occasions when it has been possible to acquire the freehold on a house in this particular street. But No 24 has come on to the market at £19,995. It is a semi-detached Victorian property that needs a good deal of redecorating (about £3,000 spending on it), but it does have central heating, a 50 ft. garden and a small drive-in for the car. It has five bedrooms, two bathrooms, and provides an opportunity for conversion into a comfortable home.

Twelve luxury flats in a £250,000 block in Mayfair, aimed at "the successful company director with a country estate but needing a luxury *pied à terre* in town" have just been put on the market at 12/14 Reeves Mews, Park Street, W1. The selling price, for a 99-year lease, varies from £21,000 to £25,000. Three of the flats have roof gardens; they all have two bedrooms and underfloor heating – garage spacing underneath the block. Cyril Leonard & Co, agents for the five-storey block, say "they will appeal to those wanting luxury living in the very centre of the West End; to the men and women at the top in business."

Mews house

Robert Morrison is selling his very comfortable mews house in Clabon Mews, SW1. Entirely decorated by David Hicks (you either like it instantly or else feel utterly unable to cope with the colours), the house's curious feature is its large downstairs dining room, separate from kitchen and reception rooms. There are two double bedrooms upstairs and the overall impression is one of a spacious, easy-to-run house, rather than a mews cottage. With a 56½-year lease the price is £23,750, through Friend and Falke. KNI 5361.

Baroness de Watteville is looking for a tenant for her unfurnished flat above Prunier's in St James's Street, W1. The rent is £900 a year for five years. This includes three well-fitted rooms, a kitchen and bathroom. Tel: MAY 0736. No. 28 Hyde Park Street, W2, overlooking Hyde Park Square, belongs to Lord de L'Isle and Dudley. The house is completely modern with six bedrooms, service lift from basement kitchen to dining room, a staff flat and private garage for three cars.

fiona bird

No 28, Hyde Park Street, W2, for sale at £45,000 through Knight, Frank and Rutley. It has six bedrooms.

The drawing room of No 24, Clabon Mews, home of Robert Morrison. Agents: Friend and Falke.

Cyril Leonard and Company are selling this block of 12 luxury flats in Mayfair on 99-year leases.

Folkard and Hayward and Hugh Howard & Partners are joint sole agents for Oakfield and Cedar Court, a large Wimbledon development of 106 flats and 29 houses by Howards of Mitcham.

No 1, Fairholme Gardens, London, N3, for sale freehold at £35,000 through Blake and Company.

No 40, Ovington Street, SW3. Being sold, for £13,500, on a lease of 23 years, by Cluttons, 48, Pelham Street, SW7.

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PERSONAL

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MUSEUM PRESS
39 Parker Street, London, WC2

RECITALS

WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL, S.W.1. Recital: Paranjoti Chorus (from Bombay), Friday, 1st July, 8 p.m. Programme includes Mass in G Minor by Vaughan Williams, and works of Bach, Stravinsky, etc. Silver Collection.

SHOPPING BY POST

SHETLAND KNITWEAR direct from Shetland. Fair Isle, Lace and plain knitwear for ladies, men and children. Colour patterns and price list from SHETLAND ORIGINALS, Midgarth, Lerwick, Shetland.

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NEXT WEEK AND EVERY WEEK

London Letters

Bacon Belle

As so many professionals seem to be writing to you, it prompted me to answer our lovely Harry Secombe's plea: "Where has all the crispy bacon gone?" Well, it's not the pigs' fault. No, love, the crispy bacon is on the Brighton Belle. I travel up and down on it each day, and, in spite of all

that food I have to eat on stage in *Hello, Dolly!* (turkey, rolls, potatoes, melon, beetroot and candy floss), I still find room for my scrambled egg and crispy bacon on the "Belle" home. It could be the old-fashioned cooking ranges they have. Anyway, have a ride on the Belle, Harry. You'll get your crispy bacon. Love from,

Dora Bryan,
Theatre Royal, Drury Lane

Taxi!

As a visitor to London, I've been infuriated on a number of occasions by your taxis. Night after night I've hailed cabs with their "For Hire" lights on, and on many occasions they either turn them off, or shake their hand furiously with a "nothing doing" attitude. I can assure you the reason has nothing to do with a problem that even my best friend won't tell me about. I thought a cab was compelled by law to stop when hailed with its "For Hire" light on.

Monica Bewsey,
Theobalds Road, WC1

Half-yearly swing

We have reached the swinging half-way point of swinging 1966. Swinging London buses went on strike and the swinging seamen followed suit – swinging Barbra Streisand became a swinging legend at the swinging Prince of Wales. The swinging Budget introduced some swinging new taxes and swinging Danny La Rue proved that Whitehall is the swinging place for the latest swinging drag. Carnaby Street showed us more and more swinging thigh and swinging PVC was worn by just about swinging everybody.

Time thinks we're all swinging but Allan Sherman does not. He may be right, but I doubt it. If the next six months swing even more, I know one person who will be far too exhausted to swing (sorry – sing) auld lang syne.

Robin R Taylor,
Gloucester Avenue, NW1

Ode to . . .

I herewith submit my Code to the Londonauts '66," to be sung to any old rock 'n' roll tune from the dear, dark days of Elvis Presley:

London's a swinging city,
"Happenings" night and day,
But all the fun they're having
Was pinched from the USA.
Yea! Yea! Yea!
Rockers sound like "Wild Ones,"
Beatle Bangs: D.A's.
Thigh-high skirts: Bermuda shorts,
Cut the other way.
Yea! Yea! Yea!
Mersey Sound is Rock 'n' Roll,
Very much *passé*.
The fabbest thing are all those debts
That 'Arold's got to pay!
Yea!

Nancy Deshazo,
Merrion Road,
Ballsbridge, Dublin

Save our pubs!

When, oh when, will the brewers call a halt to the over-modernisation of our few remaining good old London pubs? During the current warm spell, I have turned to my favoured old standby thirst-quencher, a lager. But I don't particularly want it super-chilled. Yet, the brewery bosses have installed so much cold-shelf space in the pubs it is almost impossible to get a "room temperature" lager in the West End.

I am not advocating abolition of cold beers, but surely we can have both.

John Hodgson,
Pall Mall, SW1

Service without . . .

Although the various consumer associations and their magazines deal in general terms with whole ranges of goods and services, nobody actually keeps score on the good, bad, indifferent and just plain lousy service offered by some London stores. Could you ever possibly start such a feature, or would the laws of libel prevent you printing the stark facts about the appalling attitude of so many shop assistants – and, even more, their managements?

Leslie Bean,
London, SW4

London weekends

I am not a resident of London, but nevertheless I find *London Life* a very entertaining, amusing and informative magazine. Whenever I visit London for the occasional weekend, I find the entertainment section of your magazine invaluable. And I think your advice on enjoyable nights out, as well as your tips on the best clubs, discothèques and restaurants invaluable.

Mick Fowler,
Mansel Road,
Small Heath, Birmingham

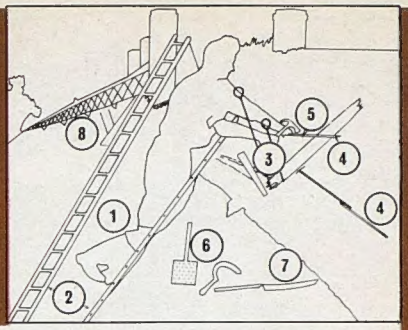
Swinging buses

Heard on the top deck of a London Bus, American mother to fidgety son: "Sit still, or you'll tip the bus over." Father: "Yeah, they tip over real easy all the time." Fidgety son: "Yaawow!" And he dashed for the stairs, tripping over and cutting his knee, as the coloured Stirling Moss in the driver's seat careered round another bend. Mother: "Gee, I'm glad we don't have these tall buses back home."

Gerald Swan,
Collingwood House, SW1

Postage: Inland, 7d. Foreign, 6½d. Subscription rates: Great Britain and Eire, 52 issues £8 5s; 26 issues £4 2s 6d. USA, 52 issues $24.00 (£8 5s). Canada and elsewhere abroad, £8 5s. Please send orders for subscriptions, and notices of change of address, to Subscription Dept., 258 Grays Inn Road, London, WC1 (TER 3311). London Life, incorporating The Tatler, is printed by Cole & Bolden Ltd., 28 Craven Street, London, WC2, at the Wellington Press, Aldershot, Hants. London Life is published by Illustrated

THE NORFOLK REED THATCHER



THE EASTERN COUNTIES, mainly Norfolk and Suffolk, are the true home of the reed thatcher. A typical thatcher whose business has been handed down through many generations is Bob Farman. His men work in all parts of the British Isles and as far afield as the United States. Address: W. R. Farman, Cherry Tree Lane, North Walsham, Norfolk. (Shell Touring Map No. 2, from your Shell Station.)

Thatch is the oldest roof covering and the craft has altered little since the middle ages. Over seven hundred thatchers still work in the midland, eastern and southern counties. There are three main forms of thatching; long straw, found mainly in the midlands and south; combed wheat reed, so called because threshed straw is laid reedwise on the roof; and Norfolk or marsh reed.

The marshy estuaries of East Anglia provide the local thatchers with their raw material from the vast acreages of reed (*phragmites communis*), standing to some eight feet in height. In winter, the hard gold-brown stems are cut and bundled and taken to the thatcher's yard.

Pictured is one of Bob's thatchers, who, with knees protected by leather pads **1** treadles his long ladders **2** with the rhythm and ease of a dancer.

Long thatching needles **3** keep the reed tight as the work progresses and hazel rods or "sways" **4** are used in conjunction with iron hooks **5** to fasten the thatch to the roof timbers.

The reed is dressed into place with a leggett **6**, a primitive comb-like tool studded with horseshoe nails. The face of the finished work is also cleaned down with the leggatt and a razor-sharp cutting knife **7** is used to trim the thick ridging.

The ridge **8** is thickly capped with sedge grass (*cladium mariscus*) and is gaily embellished with diamond or herring-bone patterns of 'liggers' and split hazel rods which are pinned to the roof with hairpin-like 'brotches' of split and twisted hazel. The work of many thatchers can be identified by their own individual patterns.

England and Wales have many such skilled craftsmen bringing centuries-old traditional techniques to bear on modern production problems. You can write for a list to the Rural Industries Bureau, 35 Camp Road, Wimbledon Common, London S.W.19.

Also, the free monthly leaflet '*Go Shell*,' covering local events and information in your area, is available from your Shell Station.

Illustration : James Lloyd

Visit our Country Crafts—Go Shell

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